

CHRONICLES
of an
AMERICAN
HOME



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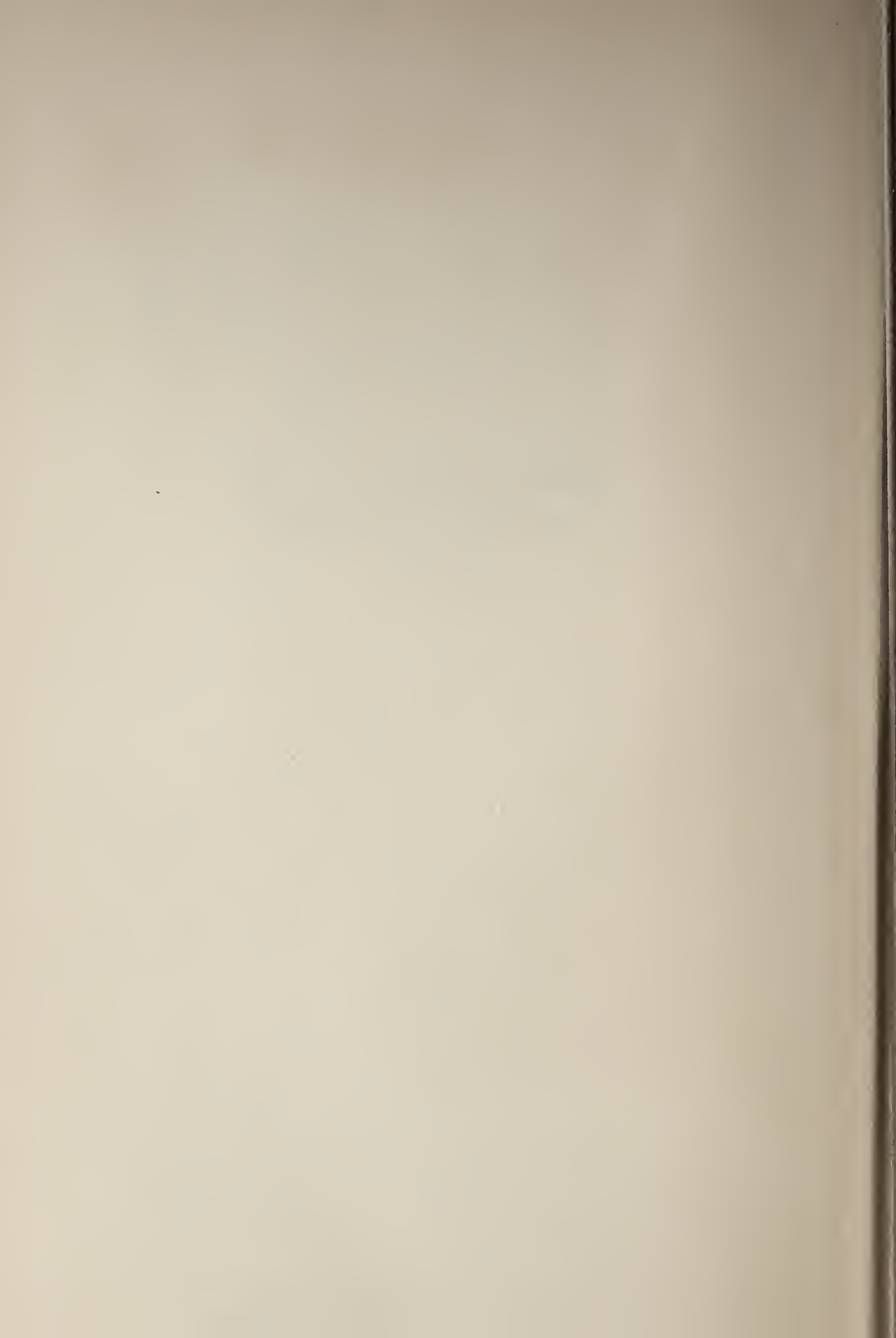
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**CHRONICLES OF AN
AMERICAN HOME**





CHRONICLES
of an
AMERICAN HOME

HILLSIDE (WYOMING
NEW YORK) AND ITS
FAMILY: 1858-1928

J. S. Coonley

PRIVATELY PRINTED

1930

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THIS beloved house has sheltered five generations, and two of the sixth generation are ready to enter its doors.

It has witnessed the sacraments of birth, of marriage, of death.

It has seen much of joy and little of sorrow.

Its life has been enriched by music, art, and literature.

Men, women, youths, maidens, and children have walked in its gardens and orchards and danced upon its lawns, and have loved its encircling hills and valleys.

Suns have risen and set; moons have waxed and waned; stars have watched from the skies; each year has brought the round of seasons; and through all, this home has welcomed kindred, friends, and strangers, ministering to all in coming and in going,—each year bringing a deeper, tenderer, holier affection as associations accumulated and hallowed this dear old home.

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY WARD

(Written in February, 1921)

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INTRODUCTION

As will be readily apparent, these “chronicles” of a notable American home consist in largest part of quoted material from various sources, chiefly the letters and other writings of Lydia Avery Coonley Ward, to whom the book is in some sort a memorial. Its principal purpose is not so much to present a full and formal record of events as to preserve the best of what has been written with Hillside and its family as subject or background. My own function as editor has been simply to select, revise, and arrange the material, and to supply what is known in the moving-picture world as “continuity”—the necessary thread of explanatory and descriptive text. In the large accumulation of papers placed at my disposal for this task, I found the first half-century of life at Hillside rather scantily represented, as compared with the later years; and that condition or situation is of course reflected in these pages. I need only add here that the preparation of this volume has been for me a very real labor of love, concerned as it is

with a home whose wealth of beauty and joy and cultural opportunity I was long permitted to share, and with a family whose friendship will always have place among the few inestimable privileges of my life.

When I first knew it, and for several years later, Hillside was still very much what it had been for nearly half a century before—a homely, unpretentious, capacious, comfortable, well-kept country home, so placed in a setting of rich natural beauty that its architectural shortcomings were neither jarring nor obtrusive. And though its broad roof sheltered many guests through every summer, the home life of that time still definitely centered around the family—the Averys and the Coonleys, their husbands, wives, children, cousins, and “in laws” of various sorts. Mrs. Ward, a dynamo of energy, tireless in work and recreation, initiating, guiding, and stimulating a multitude of activities, was then as in later years the dominant personality of that household; though its central spirit continued to abide in her mother, Mrs. Avery, whose venerable figure moved gravely and serenely through the domestic scene like a visible benediction, her thoughts engrossed in

large public problems yet ready always to turn with interest to the smallest human concerns of those about her.

Coming here as I did from a dull and cramped routine of city life, Hillside seemed to me a veritable paradise, a new world of beauty and delight. Nature had of course large part in weaving the spell of its enchantment, but more potent still was the spirit of peace and harmony, of joyous human fellowship, of kindly, open-hearted, unwithholding hospitality which pervaded this home. Here, in miniature, existed a real democracy, a genuine republic, of "joy in widest commonalty spread," where work and play were alike shared by all, where no distinctions of class or station had recognition, a little community true to the rarely-embodied principle of "plain living and high thinking," yet wholly without pretense or ostentation, and pervaded always by the grace of laughter and kindly humor.

Into this happy, exhilarating, and altogether fascinating life, it was my rare good fortune to enter at this time, and to have some part in that life through all the later years until Hillside passed out of the family. During those later years, the old home and farm were metamorphosed into a modern country

estate, under the compelling hand of architect and landscape gardener. Along with this physical transformation, there came also something of a change in the life at Hillside—a change more of degree, perhaps, than of inherent quality or character, though none the less clearly apparent. Mrs. Avery passed from the scene; the now widely-scattered family returned less often to the parent hive; and Hillside became much more definitely a sort of open house to the world at large. Old ideals, and in the main old manners and customs as well, continued to prevail; but the home life grew increasingly complex and varied, it centered less about the family and included a very much larger circle of participants. This change or development was chiefly emphasized in the three summer schools engineered by Mrs. Ward during the last few years of her life. With almost religious fervor, she sought to make available to the largest possible number whatever advantages and opportunities existed or could be created at Hillside. As a result, it may be said with perfect truth that few American homes have ever been more fully shared with the outside world, or have exercised a wider and deeper influence for good.

Thinking of Hillside as I knew it through twenty years or more, I seem to be looking into an enchanted kaleidoscope of ever-shifting scenes and faces, each evocative of some peculiarly fragrant memory, some happy and distinctive charm of association. The old house saturated in July sunshine, with a group on the front porch shelling peas, while Mrs. Ward reads aloud; Mrs. Avery at eighty-five, playing ring-toss with stately grace, or reciting in earnest and sonorous accents some indictment of man's perennial stupidity or iniquity; a roomful of lovely children, chanting in unison a verse of Stevenson's, or Emily Dickinson's, or Edwin Markham's, taught them by Mrs. Ward; the assembled family, thirty or forty strong, singing the Doxology before sitting down to Christmas dinner, or Gounod's setting of "Ring Out, Wild Bells" at the stroke of twelve on New Year's eve; a winter morning's tobogganing party on the sparkling snow-clad hills above the old spring; a "gallery" under the plum-tree by the tennis courts, applauding or bantering the players on a hot summer afternoon; an outdoor supper party, the evening air alive with merriment as heaped trays are borne back and forth between kitchen and "overlook"; a quiet group

on "the knoll" at twilight, watching a late sunset bathe the eastern valley-side in fading glory; a long snug evening in the "big house," with much company or little, but always good talk and reading, and nearly always music; a Sabbath service on the lawn in August, the peace of green surrounding hills reaching no less eloquently to the heart than spoken word of sermon or psalm; a wedding in the "oval garden," with happy faces and bright costumes lending sunshine to a bleak Spring day. So I might continue, for the space of a larger book than this, following the lure of random memory through scene after scene in the life of a beloved home, as they arise before me in retrospect.

And so, too, concerning her who was long the sun and center of that life, who more than anyone else gave it the distinctive character and the peculiar charm that it possessed, one might write at almost indefinite length. For those who did not know her, some conception of her unique personality may perhaps be gained from the pages that follow, her own writings in particular. But in the brief space remaining to me here, I should like to emphasize what was in my view the fundamental and dominating quality of that personality.

Although I saw the years take their inevitable toll of her in a physical sense, Mrs. Ward seemed to me always and to the last essentially a child at heart—one whose spirit could never “fade and grow old and die, alas, like ours.” And while the great transition has long since come, I still think of her chiefly in that way, as a sort of immortal child. More richly than any other person I have ever known was she endowed with those rarer attributes of character which we generally associate with childhood of the ideal type. Tolerance, ingenuousness, trustfulness, frankness, a boundless capacity for joy and love, a passionate desire to create and serve, an eager enthusiasm for all things beautiful and good, a quick instinctive responsiveness to every direct human appeal—these were some of the traits which flowered and thrived in the fertile soil of her spirit, and which kept their fragrance undiminished to the end. She was democratic as only a child and those like unto children can be; the accidental or incidental groupings of mankind, the flimsy barriers by which so many seek to set themselves apart in one respect or another from their fellow-beings, were devoid of importance to her—there were no limitations of birth or fortune or

race or creed in the great commonwealth of those who shared in the largess of her sympathies, her means, and her affections. Withal, too, she had no little of a child's wilfulness and waywardness. She was impatient of obstacles, objections, conventions, counsels of prudence or self-interest. The cautious reckonings and trimmings by which most of us navigate our narrow courses were ignored by her; she preferred for the most part to be guided by the winds of intuition, without taking account of possible difficulties or dangers. Here, indeed, was one whom the gods loved, and whom they gifted with youth which, if not immortal, at least endured through a long life-time, and which still exerts its fresh and vital and inspiring influence in the memories of all who knew her.

WALDO R. BROWNE

Wyoming, New York
December, 1929

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CHRONICLES OF AN AMERICAN HOME

THE home with which these chronicles are concerned stands near the village of Wyoming, in the beautiful Wyoming Valley of western New York, some forty miles south of Rochester and some fifty miles east of Buffalo. The first settlement of Middlebury Township, in which Wyoming is situated, dates back to about 1802, and of the village itself to about 1809. Before the advent of a postoffice, the hamlet was known as Newell's Settlement, in recognition of its pioneer inhabitant, and afterward as Middlebury Post-office, until the adoption of the present name in 1829. For a half-century or more Wyoming was chiefly distinguished as the seat of Middlebury Academy, in its time one of the foremost educational institutions of western New York. At the height of its activity the Academy provided instruction for nearly two hundred students, and the list of its graduates includes many persons of later distinction,

among them no less than seven presidents of American colleges. The fine old red-brick Academy building, erected in 1817, still holds its commanding position as of old above the main street of the village. Another interesting local landmark is the Presbyterian Church, a frame structure built in 1830, whose beauty of line and detail has largely managed to survive the usual course of injudicious remodeling and additions. The Village Inn, dating from 1840, also retains much of its excellent original character. These, with a few dwellings typical of our better early architecture, and two later public buildings to be mentioned further on in these pages, give the village at present its chief outward distinction and interest. From an active little community of some six hundred inhabitants at its peak in the eighties, Wyoming has slowly dwindled to about half that population today.

East of the village, across a level valley bed intersected by Oatka Creek (or Allen's Creek, as it was sometimes called), lies the railway station. Northward to Rochester and southward to Warsaw, seven miles distant, and beyond, a main arterial highway borders the length of the valley. To the west from the village, a winding ravine road,

known locally as "the Gulf," begins at once to ascend the valley-side, following a brook-course for some two-thirds of a mile to the confines of Hillside Farm. Here, dominant over a scene of quiet but impressive natural beauty, is the "big house," built upon the point of a broad hill-spur that falls away at the front and on both sides. At the back of the house, beyond a level stretch of lawn and orchard, the hills range gently upward to wood-crowned summits behind which many a glorious sunset has flamed and faded. To the south and southwest, above the lower gardens and the thickly-wooded "Gulf," lies a sweep of upland orchards and grain fields, punctuated toward the west by the "heaven-kissing hill" with its single lonely tree. To the north a cluster of white farm-buildings, surmounted by twin silo towers, with some near-by cottages, rise close at hand; while eastward the eye ranges over a wide vista of rolling fields and orchards and woodland, with here and there a glimpse of the eastern valley-side and of the higher hills and bluer depths of the Genesee Valley far beyond. Such, in broadest outline, is the setting and the background of that home with which these chronicles have to do.

Very little in the way of specific information is now existent regarding the early history of the Hillside property. About the only available record in printed form, with some general description of the property, is contained in the "New Century Atlas of Wyoming County, New York," from which the following quotations are taken:

The earliest dates to be found in connection with the property now known as Hillside show that in 1827 it was owned by Captain Ephraim Judd. James Ferris held a mortgage on it, and sold it to Colonel Cheney, who in turn sold it to Ira Cook, and he in 1850 to Dr. Pliny H. Hayes. Under Captain Judd the place contained nearly one hundred acres, of which Mr. Ferris sold off thirty and Colonel Cheney forty acres.

Dr. Hayes's purpose in buying of Mr. Cook was to establish a sanitarium, and he at once began building what was known for many years as "the Water Cure." He put in his foundations and walls, and used three thousand feet of lumber in building a shop east of the present house, wherein he stored window and door casings and finished woodwork, to season through the winter. This building caught fire and was entirely burned, and its stores of materials and tools were a total loss.

Dr. Hayes's courage did not fail; he at once borrowed money and began to rebuild, but the

fates seemed still against him. He tried laying cement pipes from the spring to the house, but they proved a failure and cost him several hundred dollars. When his house of forty or more rooms was finished, he began at once to do a flourishing business; but various outside complications, added to his borrowed capital, proved too great a handicap. His creditors pressed him, and a suit for \$200 forced him to give up the property to Francis Mason, who had loaned him money. At the time the "Water Cure" closed its doors it had forty boarders, each paying \$8 a week. Dr. Hayes was a man of ability and highly honorable character. He established himself in Buffalo, where he built a fine sanitarium; and he finally paid every dollar of his indebtedness, principal and interest, though it took him thirty years to do it.

The "Water Cure" had been vacant for several years when in 1858 Mr. Mason sold it to Albert B. Capwell of Brooklyn and Benjamin F. Avery of Louisville, and it was christened Hillside. The place covered about thirty acres, five being in the ravine, and it included the Water Cure Cottage and highway. . . .

A feature of the place is the large and permanent spring which rises on the very edge of the ravine and into which, seventy feet below, it pours its superfluous waters. These are very pure and extremely cold, and have never been known to fail even in driest seasons. The height of the

spring relative to the house permits its waters to be led into the upper story.

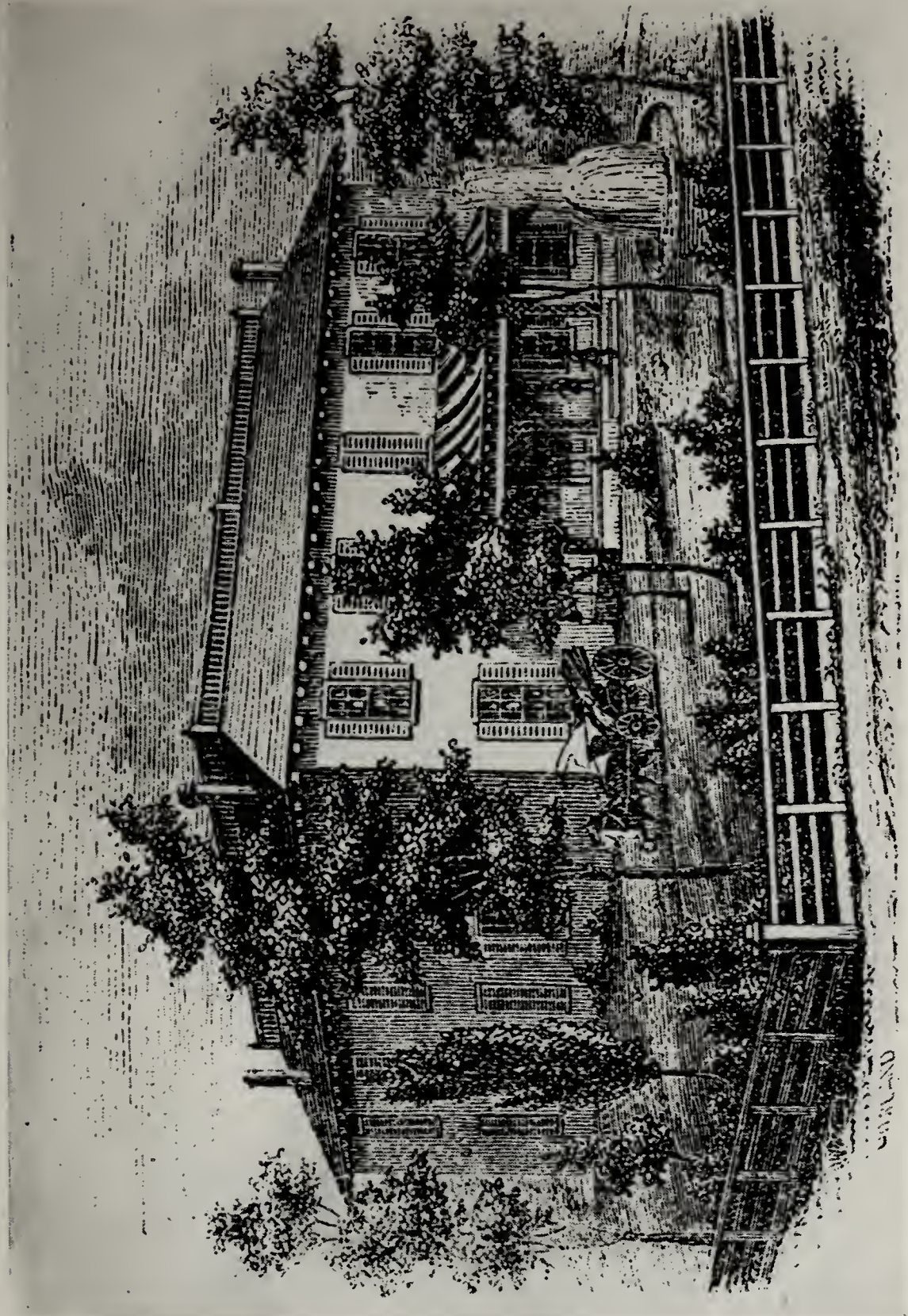
Bordering the premises is the deep ravine called "the Gulf," through which the Gulf Road passes for a distance of a mile and a half to reach the western watershed between the valleys of the Oatka and the Tonawanda. This ravine is of high geological interest in that it cuts deeply through, and gives five sections of, the shales of the Hamilton group, a medial member of the Devonian system of western New York. This shale is extremely friable and porous, thus allowing the water to pass readily through it and causing the stream which flows at the bottom of the ravine to undergo extreme oscillations in volume.

The house is on an elevation of 1170 feet above the sea, and 205 feet above the Wyoming railway station.

Some additional information from other sources may now be briefly recorded. Undoubtedly the earliest dwelling on or near the present Hillside property was a log cabin somewhere above the old spring, which was occupied for a time by Michael Loomis and his wife Cynthia, who had come here from Massachusetts immediately after their marriage in 1808 or 1809. These were the grandparents of one who was long associated with the later Hillside family, and who is still a

much-loved resident of Wyoming—Miss Rose Briggs. Later on, according to local tradition, a man named Ensign had a small establishment of some sort in “the Gulf,” a few rods below the spring, where he made essence of peppermint and other mild extracts. Less innocuous was the occupation, or at least one of the occupations, of Captain Ephraim Judd, first recorded owner of the property. It is related that Captain Judd had a mill in the Gulf Road, between the old entrance to Hillside and the present home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Chase, and here he ground corn and made whiskey, which he peddled among the neighboring farmers at four dollars a barrel. Whiskey-making, by the way, seems to have been a flourishing and evidently quite respectable industry in Wyoming of the old days; at one time there were no less than seven distilleries in or near the village! It is not known where Captain Judd’s home stood; but his successor, Colonel Cheney, lived in a house on or very near the site of the present dwelling. Miss Rose Briggs recalls the fact that this house was jointly occupied for a time by the Cheneys and her own parents, before the latter built a home for themselves near the Hillside estate.

Colonel Wales Cheney, a graduate of West Point, came to Wyoming in 1827, to take charge of the English department at Middlebury Academy. He taught English and drilled the male students in military exercises for several years, and then turned his attention to horticulture. He originated the "Colonel Cheney" strawberry, at one time a noted variety; and was secretary of the first temperance society in this vicinity, founded about 1830. During his ownership of the property later known as Hillside, Colonel Cheney and his wife (a daughter of General Phineas Stanton of Middlebury) seem to have been chiefly occupied with silk culture. They had three or four acres of mulberry trees west of the house; these provided food for the silkworms, which were housed in a building near the present "roundhouse" site. When the cocoons could no longer be profitably marketed, the Cheney's sold their house to a Mr. Whiteside, who moved it down the hill to the Gulf Road, west of where the Shirley cottage now stands. Probably at this time also the land was sold to Ira Cook. It seems likely that no one lived on the Hillside property after the Cheney's left and until Dr. Hayes built his sanitarium in 1851.



THE OLD "WATER CURE"
(From a woodcut of 1851)

An announcement of Dr. Hayes's "water cure" enterprise, issued early in 1851, contains a picture of the main building which forms one of the illustrations in this book, and the following text:

WYOMING COTTAGE WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.

WYOMING, WYOMING COUNTY, N. Y.

THIS Institution is now in progress of completion, and will be opened for the reception of patients on the 1st day of May next.

It is constructed after an original design, and will be finished in a modern style of cottage architecture. In its interior arrangements the *health, comfort and convenience* of the invalid have been carefully studied, and it is believed to combine all the advantages of the best class of Water-Cure houses in this country.

The location is high and airy, it has the advantage of retirement, with pleasant and shaded walks, and commands a fine view of some of the most charming landscape scenery in western New-York.

The building is warmed with heated air, and ventilated by a new and ingenious method, which secures a constant and moderate change in the atmosphere of each room, avoiding the necessity of an open window or door which so commonly causes sudden changes of temperature and unsafe currents of air.

Connected with the Institution is a hall for gymnastic and calisthenic exercises, one hundred feet in length, it being the design of the Medical Directors to make regular physical exercise an elementary part of the treatment.

DR. P. H. HAYES, two years physician of the Greenwood Springs Water-Cure Establishment, and DR. E. C. WINCHESTER now in New-York, completing his medical studies, are to be associated in the professional and general care of this Institution.

Prices for board and treatment will range from \$5 to \$8 per week.

Wyoming is easy of access from several points on the Rail Road between Rochester and Attica, and from the Genesee Valley Canal; daily and tri-weekly stages connect this place with Batavia, Attica, Leroy, Bergen, Geneseo, Mt. Morris, and Warsaw, all of which places are within a distance of sixteen miles.

P. H. HAYES,	} <i>Physicians and</i>
E. C. WINCHESTER.	

Wyoming February, 1851.

The "hall for gymnastic and calisthenic exercises" mentioned in the above is the old roundhouse, which still stands near the "big house" at Hillside. It must have been built after this announcement was issued; at any rate, the "hall" of "one hundred feet in length" is actually a circular (or, strictly speaking, a polygonal) structure about fifty-five feet in diameter, which long served as a glorified play-house for the Hillside children. In late years it was remodelled to include half a dozen bedrooms and a huge fireplace.

As related above, Dr. Hayes's "water cure" enterprise was a short-lived affair, the period of actual operation being probably not more than a year or two at the most. Insufficient capital and other financial difficulties, rather than lack of patronage, seem to have caused its failure. Under Francis Mason's ownership the property stood idle for several years, until in 1858 it was bought by Benjamin F. Avery of Louisville and Albert B. Capwell of Brooklyn, and the record begins with which this volume is chiefly concerned.

From 1858 to 1928, the chronicles of Hillside center around six generations of a single family. The first of those generations is rep-

resented by Samuel Look, born at Conway, Massachusetts, on August 16, 1790, and his wife Polly, daughter of the Reverend Joseph Loomis of Ashfield in the same State. The eldest of their six children, Susan Howes Look, was born at Conway on October 27, 1817. A year or two later the family migrated to the Mohawk Valley in New York; and here, in an environment of pioneer farm life, Susan Look's childhood and girlhood were passed. After some local schooling, she entered the Utica Female Seminary, then a somewhat noted institution under the direction of the two Miss Sheldons. Following her graduation, she stayed on there as a teacher. By 1843 a younger sister had also been graduated from the Seminary; and in that year was forged the first link of a chain that was ultimately to bind the family so closely to Wyoming for so long a time. This event is recorded by the elder of Samuel Look's two daughters as follows:

After my sister Julia—my only sister—had finished her studies and was ready to teach, Mr. Albert B. Capwell of Wyoming, New York, at that time Principal of the Academy there, came to Utica to look for a teacher and engaged her. I went with her to Wyoming during the following vacation.

We travelled by boat from Utica to Syracuse, thence by rail to Auburn, and thence to visit friends in Fleming, where we spent a few days. From there we went on to Batavia, then the nearest railway station to Wyoming. We found our way from there by the daily stage to Wyoming, where Mr. Capwell awaited our coming and took us to what was to be my sister's home, opposite the Academy. After spending a week with my sister at Wyoming, I left her, we both broken-hearted.

The two broken hearts were seemingly not long in mending. A few months after entering upon her new duties, Julia Look became engaged to the young principal of Middlebury Academy; they were married a year or two later, and moved to Brooklyn, where Mr. Capwell began the practice of law. Meanwhile, on the return trip from Wyoming to Utica, Susan Look had stopped for a visit with friends at Aurora, on Cayuga Lake. There she met Benjamin Franklin Avery, then also on a visit to Aurora, his native village, where he was born December 3, 1801, the sixth of fifteen children fathered by Daniel Avery, a man of wealth and distinction who had left the "parent hive" at Groton, Connecticut, to become one of the pioneer settlers of Cayuga County. After being graduated

from Union College in 1822, young Benjamin Avery had studied law in accordance with his father's wishes, and was later admitted to the bar in New York City. But a natural interest in mechanics, together with a decided distaste for the law, soon led him to abandon the latter profession. With \$400 in cash and a small foundry outfit he went South, and for nearly twenty years engaged in the manufacture of plows. After the death of his father in 1842, he sold his business in Virginia and returned to Aurora. Here, as above recorded, he became acquainted with Susan Look. The acquaintance ripened into romance, and they were married on April 27, 1844. Their wedding journey was made by carriage to Virginia and back to Aurora. In 1848 Mr. Avery again embarked upon the plow-manufacturing business, this time in Louisville, Kentucky, where his family made its principal home for nearly forty years thereafter.

Six children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Avery, their names and the dates of their birth being as follows: Lydia Arms (later Mrs. John Clark Coonley, then Mrs. Henry Augustus Ward), January 31, 1845; Samuel Look, December 9, 1846; Gertrude Arms (later Mrs. John Gilbert Shanklin), August 18, 1849;

George Capwell, March 1, 1852; Helen Blaisdell (later Mrs. Charles Bonnycastle Robinson), March 29, 1855; and William Sidney, March 15, 1858. These, with the four children of Mr. and Mrs. Capwell—Charles, Richard, Belle (later Mrs. William Allen), and Benjamin—constituted the younger generation of Hillside in the earlier days, until first their own children and later their children's children succeeded to that title.

From some reminiscent notes written late in life by Lydia, the eldest of Mr. and Mrs. Avery's children, is taken this account of how Hillside came to be acquired by the family and of the latter's first summer there:

One of the momentous events of my early life occurred in the summer of 1857, when my father and mother took their five children to Virginia, to spend the summer at Red Hill, my Grandfather Look's farm. There we were joined by my mother's only sister, Mrs. Julia Capwell, with her husband and their children. As we lived in Louisville and the Capwells in Brooklyn, the two families had not been together for several years. My mother and my aunt had such a happy time during this reunion that they often talked of how delightful it would be if the family could thus come together every summer. Hearing this talk,



MR. AND MRS. SAMUEL LOOK
(From photographs of about 1875)

my uncle Mr. Capwell one day remarked to my father that he knew of a beautiful place for sale near Wyoming, New York, the village in which he was born, where he had taught school, and where his parents still lived. There were about thirty acres of ground on the place, he said, a large house of some forty rooms that had been built by Dr. Hayes of Buffalo for a "water cure," a large "round-house," barns, and other out-buildings. My parents and grandparents, as well as my uncle and aunt, had all previously lived in New York state, and preferred it to any other part of the country. The Wyoming place had been unoccupied for several years, Mr. Capwell said, and could be bought at a low price. They decided to investigate, and as a result the property was jointly purchased by my father and uncle for \$4500.

In early May of the following year we went to Wyoming for the first time—my father, mother, and six children, Sidney the youngest being then only about six weeks old. My aunt had bought the necessary furnishings for the home in New York, and my grandparents had gone on ahead to prepare the place for our coming. The journey from Louisville was long and tedious; we had no sleeping cars or dining cars in those days. We brought with us linen, silver, and a great many utensils for the house, our baggage consisting of fourteen trunks in all! Mother had put up our lunch most carefully in a great strong market-

basket with two lids that opened up to the broad handle and were tied there while the lunch was neatly given out to five hungry children, eager to consume it almost before the train had started. The basket was lined with a shining folded tablecloth, making a tempting background for the piles of my mother's delicious sandwiches and cookies within.

At last the long journey from Louisville, with its many changes of cars and frequent delays, was ended and we alighted at Batavia, then the nearest railway station to Wyoming. Grandfather was there to meet us, with a large covered carriage which my Uncle Capwell had selected in New York; it was much too heavy for a hilly country, and Grandfather remarked with a twinkle in his eye that it had been chosen because the top was high enough to accommodate my uncle's tall silk hat. I was given a middle seat, upon which I kneeled the whole way so as to have a better view forward. No ocean voyage could seem as long today as did those interminable fourteen miles from Batavia to Hillside. Impatient then as now, I thought we would never arrive. At last Grandfather turned toward me, raising and gently shaking his whip to the right, and said: "There, Lyddy, look at that!" and with an ecstasy of joy I saw the cupola of the round-house. Ten minutes more and we drew up to the stile by the white fence, and saw the fountain playing in the front

yard and Grandmother on the doorstep, her big eyes darker and brighter than ever as she welcomed us to our new home.

I immediately rushed through the house, looking into every room. It was a wonderful house to me. We next hurried to the spring, which then had a round basin, walled in with stones of irregular shape; the water was very cold, and I remember that we used to have contests to see who could keep hand and arm in the water for the longest time. It has always been a family tradition that every child on the place would fall into the spring, or into the fountain in the front yard, at least once each summer. Certainly I remember the incident of my sister Helen falling into the spring, and of my dragging her out and carrying her to the house.

In front of the house at that time was a piazza eight feet in width and about twenty feet long, with a pagoda roof striped in pale green and white, which I always thought most beautiful. Afterward my father widened the piazza and put on a very ugly roof. At that time one entered the house into a narrow hall, with two stairways. On one side was a large parlor, with an alcove music room; on the other were my aunt's rooms, and back of these the bath-room and dining-room, with a large "ell" to the north in which were my grandparents' rooms. My father and mother had rooms on the south side of the house.

At this time, and for a good many years later, the highway from Wyoming to Batavia diverged at a right angle from the Gulf Road near a little bridge over the brook and continued up the hill directly past the house, along an intervening white board fence. This bit of steep hill-road between "the Gulf" and the "big house" was not easy to negotiate in those days of horse-drawn vehicles, and more than one accident to the family carriages and their occupants occurred there. Just at the top of the hill, before reaching the house, a driveway turned off to the barns, which stood perhaps a hundred feet west of the house. The hill-slopes below this driveway on the south, and below the roundhouse on the north, were planted to grapes and berries. Beyond the barns at the back were several acres of apple and peach orchard, through which a wide path bordered by currant bushes led up to the spring, a hundred rods or so westward from the house. Vegetable gardens and some outlying pasture land completed what was then (save for the unusual size and character of the house) a simple country homestead of the ordinary eastern type.

Living conditions and arrangements at Hill-side were also simple in those early days. The

house was rather sparsely furnished, most of the linen, silver, etc., needed during the summer being brought from Louisville and taken back each year. Two large tanks, a part of the original "water cure" equipment, provided the only facilities for bathing. Not so much from necessity perhaps as from a spirit of thrift and love of plain living, the household expenses were closely watched and limited; and until after the Civil War, when the family servants were brought from Louisville each summer, little outside help was employed in the home.

There was no railroad to Wyoming. Once a week the market-man came around to our house. We "put down" our own pork and I think beef. We had no canned vegetables or fruit as we have now. I don't see how we got along with such restricted fare. The best woman helper my mother could get was paid two dollars a week, and she worked from early to late without complaint. But help was very difficult to find. I can see my mother taking out the ashes and making a kitchen fire. In the village one day I met a friend who invited herself to our house. I tried to put her off, for I knew Mother wouldn't be prepared, but without success. I can still remember my mother's look of dismay when I told her of our unexpected guest.

With the purchase of Hillside by their two sons-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Look gave up their Virginia home and lived at Wyoming the year round for most of their remaining lives. They were persons of marked individuality, as their portraits reproduced in this book sufficiently indicate. Their granddaughter Lydia has written of them as follows:

My Grandfather Look was a very handsome man, large and portly, with a wonderful shock of white hair which he used to throw back with a characteristic motion of the head. His face was smooth, and his eyes keen and bright, with the merriest of twinkles accompanying some funny saying, of which he had many, for he was a witty man and a hard life was made easy to him by a sense of humor. He was devoted to my grandmother, and always showed her the tenderest consideration. She was a slight, thin woman, with dark eyes, soft white hair, and a very lovely expression. I do not remember her without the cap which she always wore tied under her chin in the old fashion.

Grandfather was a great lover of horses, and delighted in breaking our colts to harness, which he accomplished with much skill and without frightening the little animals. Rarey the horse-tamer, a sensation in his day, came to our neighboring town of Warsaw and the countryside rang

with tales of his marvellous conquests of unruly animals. At that time my grandfather had a big black horse which, though admirable in other respects, would go wild at the sight of an umbrella. If we would save vehicles or even our lives, we had often to let ourselves be drenched with rain, for the moment we raised a friendly umbrella Pete would begin to rear and kick and smash things. One day, without a word to anyone, Grandfather drove this horse to Warsaw, and I shall never forget his twinkling eyes and merry laugh when he came driving back to the house holding an umbrella over Pete's head. Rarey had conquered; the will of horse had yielded to the will of man.

Mr. Look was a devout Baptist, and regularly attended services at the old Baptist Church in Wyoming. It is related that, being hard of hearing, he would rise from his pew as Elder Forbes began the sermon, and coming forward would stand on the steps just below the pulpit, an impressive white-haired figure, listening intently to every word of the discourse. His strict orthodoxy would tolerate no doubts or questionings, as is shown in the following anecdote related by a Wyoming pioneer, Mark V. B. Ferris:

Once he employed a man named Sherman to help build a fence at Hillside. Old Nick Sherman,

as he was called, was a person of little education who found great delight in asking religious people questions which he thought would embarrass them. On this occasion he began his favorite tactics with one or two of the other workmen, Mr. Look apparently not heeding. Then, emboldened, Sherman plumped a scoffing question direct at Mr. Look. Quick as a flash the latter faced old Sherman with an air that made him quail, and said: "Sherman, I hired you to build a fence, not to talk theology; and if you don't know any more about fence-building than you do about theology, I shan't need your services any longer."

From a letter written by Polly Loomis Look to her son-in-law Benjamin F. Avery, dated from "Hill Side" November 23, 1859, we quote (in exact reproduction of the original) as follows:

Our home is indeed very *very* pleasant to us. . . . You can scarcely imagine how we prize it. . . . When I reflect upon the many days of anxiety I have had when thinking of age comeing so rapidly upon me, then where, what, or how I should do, ah! suffice it to say I have sinned in being too anxious about the future. . . . I feel as though we have the greatest reason for thankfulness of any people living. . . . Your friends here all say when we see them, when you write please remember us all—tell Lydia Dr. Dean wishes to know if she has

forgotten her promise, or, whether the Post Office department have neglected their duty—You may know Sammy very often expatiates largely on dear little Willie's good qualities and sprightliness. He is in school and does not know of my writing today—Tell Georgie his mittens are ready also Willie's stockings much love to each and all the family accept a good share yourself and believe me your

affectionate Mother

P. L. LOOK

P.S. (of course) We are very anxious to know if you have received your Apples and butter, Mr. Cox finished filling your tub. Mrs. Curtis put in fifty two lbs. your butter was all of it eighteen cents a pound perhaps I have written so before.

Our records now continue with another extract from Lydia Avery's reminiscences:

At the time of the Civil War my father raised the first Union flag in Louisville, and turned over his large plow-factory as a hospital for Union soldiers. He had long been an Abolitionist, a Whig, and then a Republican. Those were days in which families were often divided, as was ours in Wyoming—my uncle being a Democrat. Feeling ran high then, as well as much later when my daughter Mary was a little girl. She was in the village one day for a visit with our dear friend Mrs. Morse, who invited her to stay for supper. Mary

declined, saying: "I must go home; there are some naughty men in the village—I think they call them Democrats." In the early days of the war my grandfather's oldest son, Loomis Look of Virginia, brought his two little daughters, Laura and Sarah Belle, to Wyoming for safe keeping. This made the number of children twelve at Hillside.

It seems more likely that Loomis Look *sent* his two daughters to Wyoming, rather than that he brought them there. At any rate, he was living at his home in Marion, Virginia, throughout most of the war. In July, 1864, soon after the Confederate conscript age had been raised to sixty-five years, he decided to escape drafting and at the same time to visit his daughters in the North. Setting out on horseback with a companion, he passed through the Confederate lines in Virginia and made his way from Gallipolis, Ohio, to Wyoming, walking a considerable part of the later stages in this journey. His wholly unexpected appearance at Hillside, ragged and travel-worn, created no little sensation.

Some reminiscences of the family life at Wyoming in the early days are contributed by the youngest of Mr. and Mrs. Avery's three daughters, now Mrs. C. B. Robinson, in the following:

For the first twenty years or so of our life at Hillside, my grandfather and grandmother Look lived there throughout the year. With them for a time during and after the Civil War were my two cousins, Laura and Sarah Look, whose mother had recently died in Virginia. These, with the farmer and a housekeeper-cook, made up the winter family. At the beginning of each summer my aunt and uncle Capwell, with their four children, came on from Brooklyn, and our own family (my father and mother, with their six children) came from Louisville. In those days we generally took a river boat from Louisville to Cincinnati, an afternoon and over-night ride, and then a train to Cleveland. Occasionally we went from Cleveland to Buffalo by boat, which we thought most delightful; otherwise we took a "sleeper"—dirty and uncomfortable, with berths in tiers of three. Leaving the train at Batavia, we drove fourteen miles over beautiful hills to Wyoming in our great family carriage, followed by a farm wagon loaded down with luggage.

For a long time after the Civil War we always brought with us from Louisville our family of colored servants, consisting of Aunt Ellen Washington, her son John, the latter's wife Anna, and their child William. Aunt Ellen was a wonderful cook, John a perfect butler of the old-time school, and Anna a devoted nurse and housemaid who died many years later while in my sister's employ

in Chicago. Mother always brought her laundress also from Louisville. We made up a large migratory party.

Arrived at Hillside, there was much excitement as we ran about through the big many-roomed house and revisited all of our favorite haunts and play-spots on the farm. The roundhouse, in particular, was a source of endless joy; to climb through its cupola on to the roof, then to slide down into the branch of a near-by apple tree, and thence to the ground, was a great adventure. At the corner of the porch off Mother's room grew a large plum tree; we used to go out through a second-story window on to the roof of this porch, and regale ourselves with plums. I recall as being wonderfully good also the fruit of a "Good Christian" pear tree near the house—I wish I could taste its like again. Throughout my childhood at Hillside there were always twelve of my generation there—brothers, sisters, and cousins: three big and three little girls, three big and three little boys. Though we had our small altercations, I have no recollection of any serious dissention. It was truly a happy family, and a carefree one—at least as far as we children were concerned.

Grandfather Look was a very handsome, dignified, delightful old gentleman, a real farmer, ruddy, genial, full of humor, proud of his children and grandchildren and intensely devoted to his wife Polly. His granddaughter and our cousin,

Laura Look, was a remarkable young girl; she died at seventeen, though she always seemed to me at least twenty-five. It was generally Laura who prepared our luncheons when we went to the old Middlebury Academy in Wyoming, for the school sessions began long before the time came for returning to our winter homes. I shall never forget the making of sandwiches on the side-table in the great dining-room of the big house—the smell of that bread and butter! We had hop-yeast and salt-rising bread, the latter especially for Uncle Albert. Then the cookies and apple pie—everything that went into our lunch-box seemed delicious to us! The boys carried the box down to the village in the morning; the girls brought it back empty in the afternoon. We used to take it out on the broad front porch of the Academy at lunch time; and often my own share of its contents was wheedled away from me for pennies offered by those who were less bountifully provided. The head of the Academy at that time, Professor Weed, was really a great educator, who left Wyoming for a much more important position while I was still a girl. His wife was a daughter of Professor and Mrs. Morse, also exceptionally fine people. They lived in a house across the road from the Academy—the house now known as “Hall Cottage”; and in their garden, along with other fine fruits and flowers, grew an apricot tree, at that time a great rarity. I shall never forget

one day when Professor Weed dismissed the school for a few minutes, and then as we filed in again he stood at the door and handed each of us as we passed him a luscious apricot from that tree. As far as I can remember, this was the first time I had ever seen or tasted this fruit. Morning chapel was always an important feature at the Academy. When the Hillside children occasionally came in late, Professor Weed would ask: "Well, what kept you this morning?" If some one replied that breakfast was late, he would say: "Snatch a baked potato and run!"

Of course we always had fruit at Hillside. It grew abundantly there—apples, peaches, pears, currants by the bushel, plums, grapes, gooseberries, and raspberries. The latter seemed to me particularly delectable; I never minded picking them as much as some of the other children did, for I loved their odor as well as their flavor. Bread and milk and raspberries, or raspberries and cream, constituted my favorite dessert. Then we had also what we called "pearl berries"—white blackberries, I suppose.

Our family carriage in those days was a very large, high, and heavy Brewster landau, which we later nicknamed "the ark." It was in this vehicle that Mother and I had a somewhat exciting adventure in the early Spring of 1877, just before my marriage. We had been to New York to select my trousseau, and left Wyoming one day

for Warsaw, seven miles distant, where we were to take the train on our way to Louisville. It had been raining heavily for twenty-four hours, and all the streams were swollen with rain and melting snow. Grandfather cautioned us to take the road on the eastern side of the valley, as it was higher than the other; but we found the bridge across the creek washed away, and perforce took the lower road. The carriage was driven by a farm-hand; inside with our bags were Mother and I and Willy Anderson, the son of one of Mother's cousins, and Willy's trunk was strapped on at the back. The rain froze as it fell, and everything was a glare of ice, through which the horses broke heavily at each step. For a time we followed in the tracks of a man ahead of us driving a light buggy and team, but he got out of our sight before we had gone very far. The water was soon up to the floor of our carriage, which tipped and lurched so that we dared not go further. Willy alighted and ran ahead on the icy roadbank to seek help for us; and George the driver unhitched the horses, intending to put Mother and me on their backs. But no sooner were the horses released than they dashed off, their tails covered with icicles. We two got out of the carriage somehow, and George laid a fence-rail across the ditch by the roadside for our passage to the higher ground beyond. Mother got over safely, but I slipped and fell into icy water to my waist. At last we reached a snow-bank

near the fence, and worked our way along this for a little distance. Then George broke through the ice into a deep hole up to his arm-pits, and I think would have stayed there if I had not shouted: "Don't dare to give up—get out this minute and help us!" So we battled our way along the ice and in the face of heavy wind and rain, until we reached some barns perhaps a third of a mile away, where we found a group of men who had been watching us without coming to our assistance. They took us into a nearby house, and did what they could, though I shall never understand why they did not come out to help us on the road. Our carriage stood in the rising water for three days before it could be hauled out. Although we were both very stiff and cold, neither Mother nor I suffered any serious after-effects from what was really a narrower escape than we had realized at the time.

On December 24, 1867, Lydia Avery was married in Louisville to John Clark Coonley. The latter, born December 6, 1838, in Aurora, New York, was the son of a farmer of moderate means. From the age of fourteen years he earned his own living and educated himself, teaching a part of each year to pay for his tuition. His school education was completed at the Seminary in Cazenovia, New York, where he also for a time served as member of



MR. AND MRS. BENJAMIN F. AVERY

(From a photograph of about 1850)

the faculty. Later he studied law at the Albany law school and in the office of E. W. Arms, at Aurora. Upon admission to the bar in 1865 he began the practice of law in St. Louis. The Mr. Arms just referred to was an uncle of Lydia Avery, and while visiting his home she met the young law student—in the same village where her mother and father had first met. Immediately after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Coonley lived for a year or two in St. Louis; then because of ill-health Mr. Coonley abandoned his profession and joined his father-in-law's plow business at Louisville. Moving to Chicago in 1873, he became associated with Messrs. Whittemore and Tuttle of Naugatuck, Connecticut, and Mr. A. A. Pope of Cleveland, Ohio, in establishing the Chicago Malleable Iron Company, of which concern he was president and active manager until his death in 1882. He also took an active part in organizing the Ewart Manufacturing Company, the Link-Belt Machinery Company, and the Indianapolis Malleable Iron Company—all large and prosperous industries. During the last nine years of his life, as a resident of Chicago, he won a conspicuous place as an energetic and successful business man and a worker for

public welfare. He helped to organize the Union League Club in that city, and was serving a second term as president of the club at the time of his death. Six children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Coonley, their names and the dates of their birth being as follows: Mary Letchworth (later Mrs. Thomas Hollis), March 28, 1869; Avery, October 10, 1870; John Stuart, February 20, 1872; Sarah Oliphant (later Mrs. William Watkins Davies), January 16, 1874; Howard, November 22, 1876; and Prentiss Loomis, July 10, 1880.

Mr. and Mrs. Avery, with five of their six children, went abroad in the summer of 1869 and remained for two years. An incident of their departure from Wyoming, often related afterward, is thus described by Mrs. Coonley:

At the time my father and mother and all the children except myself (I being married) were going abroad, they left Hillside for Batavia in two large vehicles—the family carriage and a wagon for the trunks. In the confusion of starting, my brother George was left behind. Those in the carriage thought he was in the wagon, while the driver of the wagon naturally supposed he was in the carriage. Finding the others gone, he set out on foot towards Batavia, fourteen miles away, hoping to overtake the carriage, which at every

hill-top he could see disappearing in the distance. On the return trip from the station my grandfather met him, hot and tired and dusty, still a mile from town, which he finally reached in time to take the train with the others. It was always afterward a matter of regret to my grandfather that he did not turn around and take George the remaining mile to Batavia.

In 1873 Mr. Coonley purchased Mr. Capwell's half-interest in the Hillside property, and presented it to his wife. During the summer of 1876 the house was rather extensively remodelled, many of the small rooms being thrown together, a much larger porch substituted for the old one, and other changes made. By this time there were four small children in the Coonley family, ranging in age from two to seven years, and their presence brought a new and happy element into the summer life at Hillside. The following amusing anecdote concerning one of these children is taken from a little essay by Miss Charlotte Daisy Bentley, a Chicago friend of the Coonley family, who died at Hillside in the early autumn of 1877. "Tiny," it should be mentioned, was the nickname by which the third of the Coonley children was commonly known during his tender years.

In a beautiful little village in the western part of New York there is a great rambling country-house, where Tiny has spent the summer days for the three years of his life. Last summer Tiny's father was standing on the piazza of this house and looking over into the road, when he perceived two objects which attracted his attention. One was an evidently unhappy calf securely fastened to a tree; the other was a young man closely resembling his roguish son Tiny. The young man's rather dirty hands were filled with stones, which he was deliberately throwing at the calf. That animal was thus driven onward step by step, until it had gone the length of its rope and could go no further. Then, having somewhat outdistanced its tormentor, it paused, evidently expecting a peaceful termination to its trials. But no indeed, the prize was not thus to be abandoned! A sturdy little figure moves past the tree, takes up a position on the other side, and another stone flies through the air. Then another and yet another, and in a few moments the victim is driven back to its former station. Tiny has evidently been enjoying this novel game for some time, but now his father deems it best to interrupt its progress. Appearing upon the scene, he gravely inquires: "Tiny, why are you stoning that calf?" Tiny looks up and shakes his head with a mixture of childish defiance and sullenness. "Tiny, has that calf hurt you? Are you angry with it?"

Still silence. Then the last appeal: "Tiny, is not this a good calf? Why do you stone it?" A moment of irresolution, then triumphantly bursts forth this answer: "Well, that calf don't give any milk!"

At this point, perhaps more appropriately than in their strict chronological order, may be reproduced the two earliest specimens that have been preserved of the Coonley children's epistles from Hillside. The first is a joint affair, dated May 24, 1879.

My Dear Papa I hope you are well I have just been writing to mamma we are all well I like school very much give Emma and Annie my love and tell Annie that Howard wants to know why I did not bring hir a long Howard is so fat that he looks as if he would birst give my love to Annie Brower and to Nellie and Grace pleas come to Wyoming soon it is just perficly lovely heare but the house is just ful of paint Howard wants to see papa he says and that he will write to you I enclose a lettir witch he wrote sarah and Howard went to Warsaw yesterday the boys are out on the farm and I gess they are sowing punkins I made up my bed and brushed up my room sara says she would like to see you very much indeed and if you could come sunday I would like to see you good by

SARAH

Mamma is coming home wensday I dont no
weather you can read Howard's letter but he says
that he says that he wants to see you very much
it is a lovely morning and I am going to play write
as soon as you can give my love to Miss peet-
win and Emma and Mable good by your loveing
douthter MARY

p. s.

Sarah and I went to gather flores we got a good
many voletes and wild flores and a [?] of [?] and
waik Robbins. good by MARY

My Dear papa give my love to Annie and tell
her to com soon good by HOWARD.

The second letter, bearing date of August 21,
1881, is chiefly concerned with certain rather
important engineering operations.

My dear mamma

I am having a very nice time we three boys were
building a dam at the brook the first time we put
it up we put it up with gravel but it leaked in the
middle so we had to take the middle where it
leaked away and then we got some stones and
packed them in tight and filled it in with gravle but
it leaked again and so we had to take it down again
then we went up by the ice house and got some
boards and put them in with some stones around
them and built up the dam but it leaked again so

then we went to dinner I tolde grand ma and she said to put some weeds and dry leaves in so when we were through dinner we thought we would but grand ma said to go and pick aples and when we were through picking aples we went to work on the dam first we got some good dirt and then we got some dry leaves and then we got some weeds and then we got some sod we hade to go bare foot to make it good then we put weeds in the bottom and then a big stone and then some dirt and then some sod and then some more dirt and then some gravle the dam does not leak now and the watter is high I forgot to tel you that we put in a tin pipe before we put on the gravel the watter is running out of the pipe now yesterday mr King let the cows out in the clover field while he was spudding weeds the gate was open and old brindle walked out the other cows followed and went down the road we went after them they went in to mr Powers corn patch but we chased them out we did not catch them till we hade run to the mill

Good bye

AVERY COONLEY.

Two marriages in the Avery family took place early in 1877. The first was that of Helen Blaisdell Avery to Charles Bonnycastle Robinson of Louisville, on March 29. Their children were George Avery, born January 21, 1878; Charles Bonnycastle, born at Wyoming

July 26, 1879; Dudley Avery, born November 25, 1881, died April 4, 1889; Goldsborough Cowan, born March 8, 1887, died November 11, 1914; and Helen Avery, born July 5, 1888. The second marriage was that of Samuel Look Avery to Kate Hamilton of Louisville, on April 17. Two children were born of this latter union: Samuel Look, born April 4, 1880, died November 21, 1901; and Eleanor Hamilton (now Mrs. Edgar Birdsall), born November 24, 1882.

In 1878 Mrs. Coonley began to write regularly for "Home and Farm," a semi-monthly journal published in Louisville. Her contributions to this journal, printed over the pen-name of "Lois Catesby," and the letters which she later contributed for many years to the "Wyoming Reporter," have been freely utilized in this book. Taken together, they cover a period of nearly half a century. Such of the "Home and Farm" writings as relate to Hillside are more often not so much an account of daily life and experiences as a record of the emotions and reflections aroused in a sensitive mind by the varying aspects of nature in this quiet country scene, with all its intimate human associations. Here are two typical early extracts:

September, 1878

Ah, sweet Wyoming! Other places may be more beautiful, but to me none other so dear. Tender associations of childhood, girlhood, womanhood cluster in its valley and upon its hills. In bygone years I found deep delight in playing in this brook, and today the present and the past blend strangely as I see my own children playing there.

From my window I look out at the white spire of the village church. In this village what changes the years have wrought! Many friends, whose faces were once familiar, have found other homes. Siam and Hindostan, far off though they be, are near to us because they keep some of those dear friends. One looks today on Scotland's heathery hills; others are scattered under our own dear flag; and some look down on us from Heaven. The sweetest memories of Wyoming gather about years long fled.

October, 1878

Autumn again! How fast the seasons come and go! A shivering look upon snow-fields, and winter is melting away. One long-drawn breath of delight over Spring's loveliness, and summer has come. A day's lingering under trees thick-leaved and green, and lo! those leaves are splashed with scarlet and strewn upon the ground because Fall is here. So fly the years of our lives. It almost seems that we might count the time in days since we were children. Yet those days have length-

ened into many years; they have changed brown hair to gray, and left furrows on cheeks that were smooth. . . .

These Fall days are very beautiful. Soft and clear the skies, softly bright the sunshine; and oh, what new spirit is in this fresh, happy wind! It plays with the clouds, and chases them over the blue sky. It scatters leaves upon the ground. You can fairly see it sweeping in silver waves over the grass. Summer has taken her velvet-green from the hills, but autumn is gloriously revenged in scarlet, purple, and gold. The garden mourns summer fled as the landscape does not. Many plants have drooped before the breath of the frost, and many blossoms have disappeared. . . .

Not less beautiful than these days are the full-mooned nights that follow them. Even the wind is quiet then. Long shadows rest upon the hill-side, and between them lies the moonlight on the grass. "O night! most beautiful, most rare!"—I repeated the lines again and again as I looked out of my window upon a night that was indeed "most beautiful, most rare." The valley was bathed in a light like that of noon-day without its glare. Light and shade were mingled upon the distant hills, and above all the clear sky bent, the bright moon shone. And the stillness was like death. The earth is asleep, but ah! on what varied scenes does this fair moon look down! Sorrow, pain, death—these never rest.

In the summer of 1879, Hillside witnessed the three great personal sacraments of death, marriage, and birth within the space of little more than a single month. Samuel Look, the patriarch of the family, died here on June 11, in his eighty-ninth year. Three days later Gertrude Arms Avery was united in marriage to John Gilbert Shanklin, of Evansville, Indiana. On July 26 a son was born to Mrs. Charles Bonnycastle Robinson, and given his father's name. These are the events referred to in the following quotation:

September, 1879

My sweet Wyoming home—what varying experiences has this summer compassed beneath your roof! I close my eyes, and pictures from that past come before me. I see your doors open to a little child, for whom love waits upon the threshold. Dear baby boy, what high hopes center in your tiny form! Already your mother's thought leaps forward to your youth and manhood, seeing only joy. Circled thus by love and hope and prayer, what is not possible to you, who are today so small and feeble! God bless you, darling boy!

The picture fades; then there comes another, wreathed with joy. The wind rings wedding peals upon the lily bells; the locusts wave their plumes of bridal white. O cherry trees, why have you

put off your wedding garments? Did you think the bride had passed by? Dear apple boughs, have you not saved a few pink blossoms for our bridal wreath? I see a lovely room filled with flowers—ferns from our own valley, clover blossoms from our hill; roses, heliotrope, pansies, daisies, from our gardens. Hush, here she comes, the dear bride! I see her dress of softest white, with its single pansy and white daisy. I see her bright brown hair, and most of all I see the true lovelight shining in her eyes. Beside her walks the glad bridegroom, and in the June sunlight are spoken solemn words uniting two lives. Your doors open again, my Wyoming home, and out between the clover-fields they go away from us—our bride and bridegroom. Again, God bless them!

Once more the picture fades, and another comes. Joy gives place to sorrow, and Death comes in at the open door. He who has all our lives been with us is now gone forever. He who has groped here for many years with blinded eyes, today looks out and sees all things. He who has strained deaf ears to hear our words, now listens to the sounds of heaven. His feeble steps have needed guidance here, but now he walks strong and erect. We look out upon these meadows that he loved, knowing that now he walks in the green fields of heaven, seeing pastures ever new. And so life and death meet on our threshold—"going out and coming in."

Always in the early years, and later until the writer made Hillside her permanent home, the annual autumn leave-taking was an occasion for sad and wistful reflections, such as find expression in these next two quotations:

September, 1879

Good-bye again—how often these partings come! Yes, I must say good-bye again to Wyoming. Was it ever so beautiful before? In the valley is a wonderful tangle of greens, and the asters and golden-rod wave everywhere. I have seen the whole summer's beauty this year. In June I looked at royal clover fields crowded with great round blossoms—white, pink, and red. They called the bees to daily banquets, and even the shy humming-birds came to this feast of sweets. I saw the fair June daisies gathered in hosts upon the green—the dear daisies “whose white vestments figure innocence.” In June I saw the stately milkweed swing her purple censers and fill the air with incense. And now in September I see the marvellous seed-pods holding in their graceful forms layers of brown seeds strung on threads of finest floss—waiting, swelling, till October winds shall burst the cup and carry away on silken wings the ripened seed.

On these September days I see lovely woodbine waving its flaming leaves and tendrils; it has crept over the body of a desolate tree, and

made barrenness rejoice in beauty. I see ferns beside the brook, brakes on the hillside, maiden-hair half hidden amid bolder greens. Most of all, I see the trees. Is this a carnival season, and are they masquerading on the hills? A month ago only greens were to be seen—where were these rainbows hidden? Here are the trees today, dressed in scarlet, sometimes with gold ribbons crossing their red gowns. A few wear the purple of the plum, and have even stolen its blush; others have dipped their robes in wine. . . .

Good-bye, good-bye! My lips smile, but my heart-strings tighten. How can I say good-bye to the valley and the hills—to the trees, the flowers, and the brook—to the beautiful horses, Prince and Duke (they well deserve their names), who have carried me so often over the hills—to faithful Jack and Charley, the children's pets? Good-bye, good-bye! Hardest of all to say to those upon whose lips my kisses fall! Tears fill my eyes, but before they drop I think of the dear home to which I am going and of the welcome that waits me there. And so, with smiles and tears striving for mastery, I say again, Good-bye!

September, 1880

It is no fault of Nature that the full ripe beauty of September does not bring us quiet joy. Her sweet relations never fail. Each year brings its September, differing in no essential from the same

month of years past. The trees show the same rich foliage of perfected green, with here and there a branch dyed crimson. In the valley are marshalled the hosts of shining golden-rod; flags and asters and yarrow guard the roadsides. In some fields heavy shocks of corn are standing; in others rise stacks of yellow straw, fresh from the threshing; still others show the rich earth lately stirred, wherein lies the pregnant grain, covered for its long winter's sleep. On the hillside purple grapes in royal clusters deck the vines, and in the orchard the trees bend low beneath their burden of fruit. Breezes rustle the leaves of the tall locusts outside my window, and the branches of the elm droop and shiver. At night the wind dies away and the full moon shines from a cloudless sky, laying long shadows upon the smooth dark lawn.

It is a September like the many that have gone before it—like, and yet not like; but the change is in ourselves. There is a plaintive undertone of sorrow in our lives, where once joy struck the keynote and kept the harmony without a minor chord. It is farewells that make the difference in the years. Sometimes it seems that life holds little else, for we are continually saying good-bye. . . . Good-bye even now to the summer. The wailing wind echoes the farewell, and the trees swell the pathetic utterance. We say it to the dear country home, to the sweet companionship of beloved friends. Ah, to what do we not say good-bye!

Mrs. Avery's younger sister, Mrs. Albert Capwell, was also a contributor to "Home and Farm" at this time, and from one of her letters in that journal is taken the following, with reference to the deaths of Samuel Look and his wife Polly. The latter died at Brooklyn, New York, on April 6, 1880—less than a year after her husband's passing.

October, 1881

I have been back to the old home where we go for rest and recreation and inspiration; where we gather with loved ones around the hearthstone; where old associations gain strength from familiar scenes, and together they weave cords too strong to be easily, if ever, broken.

Rich in precious memories is this home upon the hillside, that overlooks valleys where run streams that lie like ribbons of silver embroidered upon velvet; meadow-lands and fields more beautiful than medallion carpets of Wilton, Axminster, or Aubusson. There are forests near and in the distance, and hills that stretch far away to the horizon on the east, and so blend their opaline shades with the cloud-reflected rays of the setting sun, that fancy transmutes them to mines of topaz, ruby, and amethyst.

Year after year, in the time that has gone, have the seeds been planted that bore fruit ready and waiting for our coming; and year after year have



LYDIA



SAMUEL



GERTRUDE



GEORGE



HELEN



SIDNEY

THE FAMILY OF MR. AND MRS. B. F. AVERY
(From photographs of the eighteen-seventies)



the changeful seasons given us their treasures of health, quiet, and happiness. Year after year, as we came and went, did we note the changes that Time wrought upon the faces and forms of loved ones there; and we wondered how the home could ever be home to us more, after the dear old father and mother had gone from it—the father and mother that were priest and priestess at the family altar, and who made all things ready, and joyfully awaited our coming with the birds and early summer, and were the “home guard” during the long cold winter.

But there came a day when there was no white-haired sire to stand in the open door, with eyes moistened by gratitude, to welcome the coming of children and children’s children; and only one year afterward the chair by the south window of the little sitting-room was vacant, for the sweet mother too had gone. Side by side they lie in the graveyard that overlooks the little village—the village so safely nestled in the valley among the hills that, notwithstanding all the regiment-marches of improvement, the iron horse never found his way through this sacred domain until three years ago. Now that his wild neigh is echoed through the vale, our hiding-place is betrayed, and men have come to spy out the land for another *chemin de fer* or “way of iron,” as the French say, and *strata ferrata* or “street of iron,” as the Italians call it. But the *terre sainte*, the

campo santo, the "holy ground," will keep its treasure, and to it we shall go, and to the "hill-side," as the swallows fly homeward.

Although written of the Avery home and family in Louisville, the following (one of Mrs. Coonley's "Home and Farm" letters) deserves a place in these pages for its pen-portraits of the writer's father and mother, who had now become the presiding elders of Hillside:

March, 1882

What a sweet home it is inside whose doors I draw the breath of peace and satisfaction. There is the great parlor, with its four wide windows to give welcome to sunshine and air; the mantel with an immense bed of glowing coals beneath it in the chilly March weather; the piano in one corner and close by, upon the music stand, the ready flute. In the center of the room cheerful lamps stand upon the large table, round which every evening gathers a never-to-be-forgotten group.

Draw the curtain tonight and look in. There in the easiest chair sits the father, with white hair and patriarchal beard. Only a noble life could have given the expression of peace and content that rests upon his face. He sits quietly looking on, rejoicing most, as he has done through all his generous and loving life, in the happiness of others. George William Curtis might have had him in mind when he wrote: "I think that to have known

one good old man—one man who, through the chances and mischances of a long life, has carried his heart in his hand like a palm branch, waving all discords into peace—helps our faith in God, in ourselves, and in each other, more than many sermons.”

In through the library door comes the lovely mother, whose children wish to leave to their own little ones no sweeter heritage of memories than she has given to them. She comes forward, her graceful figure still youthful as a girl's, her light step the envy and despair of her many descendants. Her thoughtful face and sweet brown eyes show that this evening hour is dear to her. She is not yet near enough for us to see what it is that she carries in her hand. It may be a back number of the *Century*, containing an account of the “Christian League of Connecticut,” or possibly that recent *Christian Union* with an article on the Mormons that greatly pleased her. I know she wants to read it aloud again. She so rejoices in the *cons* of that article that she has quite forgotten the able *pros* with which her cousin, the Judge, demolished it the other evening. A woman, no less than a man, convinced against her will, “is of the same opinion still.”

This dear mother is a most charming reader, with clear smooth voice, excellent enunciation, and keen appreciation. What more delightful than to sit, work in hand, and listen? Nothing, say I,

with mind going back to books read in summer afternoons upon a broad piazza, with a fountain playing over the grass, and the loveliest of hills and valleys lying below; and nothing, I say again, remembering chilly days in early autumn when, leaving the piazza, we gathered in the parlor, and listened there with the wood fire crackling.

The mother is an excellent reader, as I said; yet (can you believe it?) she often begs in vain for an audience. Why? Perhaps because her earnest soul is too much bent upon improvement to please the tired sons and daughters who might relish solid sense at the beginning of the day, but prefer nonsense, or rather something with just sense enough for seasoning, at its close. So they begin to rally her, until the book or paper is effectually if informally "laid upon the table." The usual bait is the only game she ever plays, and of which she is extravagantly fond. "Come, mother, what do you say to a game of chess?" and she usually says amen, or its equivalent. So the table is brought up, and the battle-ground arranged for its silent conflict. Then the others scatter into little groups, some perhaps beginning one or another of the many fascinating games of solitaire.

I must not stop to introduce you to all the members of this charming circle, though life is the better for their acquaintance. Drop the curtain now, and let the firelight play unmolested over the pleasant scene.

The year 1882 is deeply shadowed in these chronicles by the sudden death at Indianapolis, on October 6, of John C. Coonley, then in the prime of an intensely active, useful, and successful career. Although he had never found it possible to spend much time at Hillside, his name and his influence are indelibly traced upon the records of that home. He was a man of unusually handsome and commanding presence, of singularly genial and cordial and fun-loving nature. His high character and manly virtues, his sincerity and kindness and courtesy, endeared him to a host of friends and associates.

On August 2, 1883, a daughter was born at Hillside to Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert Shanklin, and given the name of Malvina Harlan. This daughter and an older sister, Susanna Avery (now Mrs. Waldo R. Browne), born June 5, 1880, were the Shanklins' only children. Both make their homes at present in Wyoming.

The following impressions of Hillside, as recorded by two visitors in 1883, are of interest. Miss Helen McDougall, of Louisville, contributed the first of these to "Home and Farm"; the second appeared, over the initials "F. W. H.," in the "Courier-Journal."

Through a fertile valley guarded by towering hills, blue and hazy in the westering sun, purpling as the evening shadows fall—and in a little while we are at Wyoming, where hearty welcome greets the happy travellers. Am I in dreamland? Have I been wafted away to some strange and blissful orb, where the stars beam softly down in the mystical twilight, where freshness and fragrance come to the spirit like a benediction? Nay, nay; the voices at my side recall me from my dreamings to the consciousness that I am happily yet in this mundane sphere, so sweet and woody and invigorating in this road among the hills, over which in the star-light we ride in the very easiest phaeton ever made. I shall know these matchless horses and this skilful driver better by and by. And still a kind welcome in the fair home from gay young voices, and from one who with whitened hair and silvery beard will never grow old—whose youth will be perennial.

Beautiful Hillside! Thy chiefest charm is in the gracious kindness, the home sunlight, free and glad as nature's own, which warms and cheers and revivifies whatever it touches. No wonder those who know it best should linger lovingly in the pleasant places, dear through many a happy memory. The valley of Wyoming, rich and well cultivated, extends for miles below, while beyond stretch the hills, range after range, of which one never wearies; lovely in the early morning, in the

brightness of high noon, and at the even-tide; solemn and still in the darkness they stand, symbols of power and strength. One is drawn away from self, far from worries and perplexities, while even the deeper anxieties of life are quieted in the face of their restful calm, their majesty and upward striving. No written pages have been kept of happy weeks in this delightful home, but clean and fair is the record upon memory's tablets of long bright days with cherished friends; of pleasant rides among the hills ablaze with autumn's richest hues; of flowers by roadside and in fragrant gardens; and of the fountain, splashing its clear waters in the sunshine, mingling its soft lullaby with the whispering zephyrs in the grand old trees encircling this lovely sylvan retreat.

Bunyan, in his noted allegory, says that "the pilgrims went on until they came to the Delectable Mountains, to behold the gardens and orchards, the vineyards and fountains of water"; also, "there were on the tops of these mountains shepherds feeding their flocks, and they stood by the highwayside and they looked very lovingly upon the pilgrims, and said: Welcome to the Delectable Mountains." This picture might well have been drawn from a recent visit to the beautiful country-seat of your honored and aged citizen, Mr. B. F. Avery, at Wyoming, New York. . . .

Arriving by rail at Wyoming station, we paid the solitary stage-driver three shillings to be transported across a charming valley and up a wooded road to the grounds owned and enjoyed each summer by your townsman and his patriarchal family, which now comprises three or four generations. A gradual ascent brought us into full view of his large and commodious home, with its almost seven gables, its broad and inviting portico facing eastward, the approach to which we made across a beautiful lawn, broken only by a fountain.

The three or four generations and their guests enjoying the morning breeze on the broad porch gave a spontaneous and unmistakable welcome to the "stranger in a strange land." But when we found our hand within the warm grasp of the aged "Lord of the Hill," and heard his "I am pleased to welcome you to my summer home," we felt like asking as did the pilgrim in the allegory: "Is this the way, sir, to the Celestial City?" And then what a panorama burst upon our view, as we looked away from this Delectable Mountain! North, south, east, and west, wherever the eye might turn, "sweet fields arrayed in living green," slopes, valleys, plains, hills, greeted our vision; while near at hand, trailing vines and fragrant flowers and orchards abounding in fruit added beauty all around. The earth and sky and air seemed to "Live and glow with light and love and holiness."

And yet all these were nothing when compared with the "light and love and holiness" within the hearts of those who dwell in this happy home. The story is soon told. "For twenty-six years we have been coming here each summer. New faces come and others come no more, and yet we can all say we come each year. And now I sit and wait to hear the bridegroom's voice, bidding me 'come up higher,' for that voice will soon be heard; eighty-two years is a long, long life."

Here, then, away from and unlike the restless whirl and sham of summer resorts, center the loved ones from Louisville, Evansville, and Chicago, and with an occasional guest renew affection's bond each summer. One whole Sabbath in such a place gives us a foretaste of and a longing for the "sweet bye and bye."

What may well be termed the first phase of Hillside history, covering more than a quarter-century, closed in 1885 with the death at Louisville on March 3 of Benjamin Franklin Avery. He who had been so long the active family head, then later its quiet presiding elder, now heard at last "the bridegroom's voice," bidding him "come up higher." In its larger aspect, Mr. Avery's business life was devoted to the lightening of men's toil in their oldest and most essential pursuit—

that of agriculture. His personal character and attributes are fittingly summarized in the following tribute of a friend and business associate, reprinted from a memorial article in "The Countryside" for April 16, 1900:

He was liberal in his religious views, sympathizing with Christians of whatever name, and he contributed to other denominations as well as to his own. The narrow boundaries of sect could not limit a nature hospitable to all truth, and he ceased to lay stress upon dogma.

His heart was easily touched, and he listened to countless tales of woe. Many are the poor whom he aided,—many the men whom he tided over difficult places,—many the youths who owe their beginning in business to him. Nor was his generosity counted only in silver and gold. He had large charity of nature: that beautiful charity which "envieth not," which "thinketh no evil," which "rejoiceth in the truth."

The quality of his truthfulness was rare. It never occurred to his children, or to anyone who knew him, to doubt his slightest word or action. He was perfectly straightforward and honest, and detested falsehood and shams. He lived in a crystal atmosphere of perfect frankness and sincerity.

His courage was marked. He could not only avow his opinions when such avowal was danger-

ous, but he possessed that rare courage of his convictions which made him never hesitate to say what ought to be said simply because the saying was difficult or disagreeable.

Mr. Avery's busy life never induced him to neglect domestic and social relations. He was ideal in his home, affectionate to his own family, and hospitable to all beneath his roof. Art and literature were a delight to him, and he was not lacking in the direct gifts that belong to the fine arts. Although his talent for drawing was never cultivated, he had a remarkably correct eye for distance and shadows, and a keen appreciation of color. He was passionately fond of music. He loved to sing, and he played the flute with much taste and with exact execution.

He had a keen relish for fun, and was an appreciative listener. The enthusiasm and exuberance of his nature made him always a delightful companion, ready to join in games of all kinds, and keenly appreciating every variety of entertainment.

Age stole gently upon him, with the beautiful growth that comes to every noble soul. As his children's children gathered about him his love seemed to take on an added tenderness. Perhaps it was the childhood of his own immortality that brought his age into close accord with youth. Certain it is both bore about them something of the brightness of that spirit land which the one had

lately left and the other was about to enter. Eternal youth blossomed in his heart, and his sympathies were quickened toward all humanity. Nature drew him even closer than in bygone years, when they had been true comrades. He loved flowers and waving grasses, and he never tired of walking under spreading trees, gazing upon green fields, or looking into the depths of the sky.

He had been a "faithful servant of his best thoughts," and when death called to him, it was with the voice of a friend, and he followed with a smile. . . .

The influence of a noble character can never die. It is a most precious inheritance to kindred and friends, and its example radiates far beyond known and visible circles. The memory of Mr. Avery's life has quickening power today. There are those who are truer because he was true; unpretending because he was modest; generous because he was generous; steadfast because of his steadfastness; loving because he loved. Thus, though his gentle presence has long been missed from earth, his virtues shine in other lives, like stars reflected in a lake.

There seems to be no available material for these chronicles from 1885, the year of Mr. Avery's death, until we come to these three extracts from the "Home and Farm" letters, two years later:

August, 1887

I am sorry for those who cannot be in the country in summer. The greatest pleasure I know is to sit upon the wide piazza where I am now writing, breathe this pure air, listen to the birds, and look over these dear hills. My ideal of heaven is Wyoming combined with Switzerland. Perhaps Switzerland alone would entirely satisfy me, but for the associations that hallow Wyoming. When I think of all the summers we have spent on this hillside, I realize the feeling that makes a homestead such a part of one's self as are parents, brothers, and sisters. For within the walls of a homestead there is always a double life lived by those who have gone beyond youth and seen relentless death break the beloved circle. They walk not only with the living presences seen by all, but with the shadows of others known on earth no more.

Age brings a sympathy with nature of which youth knows nothing. The desire for excitement, change, and entertainment belongs mainly to the young, and is most easily gratified in cities. When it passes, and one comes to prefer quiet and to live in memories of the past as much as in present events, then it is that hills and valleys, mountains, lakes, and running streams minister to the heart; then it is that days in the country are the dearest of the year, and pass all too quickly.

October 1, 1887

Staying late in Wyoming is a new experience. September usually takes us back to the city, but this year to my delight the way opened for me to stay longer in the country. Children grow in ability as well as in years, and it is a pleasant surprise to find that Mary can keep house in Chicago for her big brothers and Brownie [Sarah], while Howadji [Howard] and Prince [Prentiss] stay here.

A "cold snap" came the third week in September, and frightened our large and timid family so that but a few are left at Hillside. The chilly days were only a gentle reminder that winter is to be expected; they were but few, and then summer air enveloped us once more. The thermometer rose to seventy, and we picked the late peaches, the last that our prolific orchard will furnish for the market. I wish I knew how many bushels we have gathered this summer; I am sure they run to many scores, and handsomer fruit I never saw, most of them great yellow beauties with rosy cheeks, fit to hang in a queen's garden. It was keen pleasure to see the piles increase under the trees. I thought there were not a great many peaches left, but we picked twelve bushels that morning. Next came the pleasure of basketing, of packing the fruit so that the lowest layer need not fear comparison with the top—although human nature would not allow us to choose the very best for the bottom of the basket.

October 16, 1887

We have had warm days, the mercury rising to seventy-two; but this morning was colder, and it fell to fifty. Shall I tell you something of our pastoral pleasures? After breakfast was fairly over I said:

“Come, boys, let us feed the cows.”

“Oh, mamma, we are so cold,” they replied.

“Nonsense! Come, run, and you will soon be warm.” But the foolish fellows stood and shivered while they helped me sort the apples that had fallen to the ground.

“This will never do! Come, we will go down the bank and throw the apples up into the road. I can throw fifty up there before you can. Not fair counting those that roll back!”

My challenge was quickly accepted, and in a moment we were tossing up the apples. The game brought smiles, and in less than five minutes we were all a-glow from vigorous exercise. Not many busy minutes were needed to load our apples into the two little wagons, and then we started for the pasture. Now the cows have learned to watch for us, and instead of our having to call them they are already at the fence. Sometimes we impale the apples upon sticks, and hand them out to the waiting mouths; sometimes we throw them into the pasture. This ceremony over, we walk down to the village, or harness one of the horses and drive. Howadji and Prince have to climb into

the manger to adjust the head-gear. I can harness a horse now, though I still find it difficult to get the bit into his mouth and all the straps properly adjusted.

These simple pleasures do not occupy all our time. We came near having a tragedy last week. We had started for a long ride, Howadji driving our two large bay horses in a light carriage. At the top of the steep hill which leads down into the valley, the ring that holds the pole and neck-yoke together broke, and both fell to the ground, letting the carriage run upon the horses. My mother, seeing the danger, at once sprang to the ground. Howadji pulled bravely, the horses made an effort to hold back, but it was in vain; the carriage was upon them and the hill very steep. They broke loose and the carriage, with the momentum of their struggles added to the precipitous descent, rushed down the hill. Howadji cried "Jump, mamma!" the only sound either boy made. I did not dare jump, nor did I dare tell those dear children what to do. The flashing thought of that crisis bade me keep still and trust to instinct. Then came the awful plunge over the bank, which is eighteen feet high, the upper part at an angle greater than forty-five degrees. I saw my two boys literally flying through the air. They were thrown a distance of more than twenty feet. Then, half way down the hill, the carriage crashed against a picket fence. I remember nothing more



MR. AND MRS. JOHN CLARK COONLEY
(From photographs of about the time of their marriage in 1867)

until I found myself standing on the ground and saw the boys get up and begin to climb the hill. Not one of us was hurt beyond a few bruises. We cannot imagine how I got out of the carriage; I have no recollection of moving. The fore wheels of the carriage were against the fence, which stands on an incline so steep that the fence is braced against the hillside. The hind wheels were lifted up, one a foot or more from the ground. A dozen pickets were torn off the fence or snapped in two. The beams on which they were nailed, together with one post, were broken. Our escape from serious injury or even death seems miraculous, and grows more and more so to us every time we see the place where we went over the bank.

Two family letters of the late eighties, here reproduced as faithfully as possible, are as follows:

WYOMING JULY 17 1887

MY DEAR UNCLE JOHN

I HOPE YOU ARE WELL WE ARE HAVING A VERY
NICE TIME

I NO HOW TO RIDE OLD JACK MR WEBSTER SAW
A WASPS NEST AND LIT IT AND TRIED TO GET IT OUT
AND BEFORE THEY COULD GET IT OUT FORE AACRES
WERE BURNT GOOD BYE FORM YOUR NEPHEW

PRENTISS.

Wyoming July 21 1889

Dear Mamma

I received your letter on Saturday and was very glad to get it. Aunt Nelly is going to write and so I will send my letter with hers. I have been having a pain in my back all day yesterday and today. Please remind Mary that I said that I would not write to her till she writs to me. There are some Chimney Swallows in the chimney in your room and the cherp all day. We all went to the Baptist Church this morning. There was a nother preacher and he spoke *very* loude, Mary aught to have been here. This after-noon we went to the orchard and sat under the trees. Yesterday it rained all day and so we did not go out. There was no surmon at our church, Mr. Congdon has gone to Niagra. I am glad Sarah is better and I hope she can come soon. Major is well now, only he has a lump under his front leg. [Marginal drawing of "Major's leg."] Colnel is all right. I hope you had a good time at Wenetka, and Mary and Sarah at Hyde Park. *Are you going to send our bicycles.* The falls of the brook by Mr. White's were *glorious* yesterday and they looked like Niagra Falls. [Marginal drawing of "The Falls."] Alen's Creek came pretty near to the brige and we went down there. There, the birds in the chimney are peeping now, they are right in the place where the pipe used to be. We are having a very nice time out here. The wheat and the oats are pretty

nearly ready to treath, Cousin Roy Capwell is going to theash them. We sleep in the midle room down stairs. We are reading "the Boy's Book of Sports" rather Aunt Nelly is reading to us. I have not read a bit. The red rasperrys are ready to pick. Reddy's calf is awfully conning, we can not put it in the pasture because Dail hucks it. [Marginal drawing of Reddy's calf.] This Picture is rather out of preportion but it will do. The sherry currants are as big as large peas. We have *lots and lots* of corn, but very few hens and chickens. My last years boots just fit Prentiss. I don't know any thing more to say so I will say

Good bye.

From your loving

Son

HOWARD.

From its earliest association with Wyoming, the Hillside family had always taken a keen interest in the life and affairs of that village—not at all in the somewhat aloof and superior way often evidenced by summer residents in a country town, but as neighbors and fellow-citizens in a community which they loved. One of many tangible expressions of this interest dates from 1888, when at Mrs. Coonley's initiative and mainly through her efforts a local public library was organized here, start-

ing with a small collection of donated books housed in a rented room. Various entertainments to provide funds for this institution, including a lecture by Mrs. Avery's devoted friend, Susan B. Anthony, were part of the following summer's activities; and thereafter few distinguished visitors to Hillside were permitted to depart before making some sort of public appearance "for the benefit of the Library." In addition, certain mild family exactions, such as fines for tardiness or non-appearance at meals, long helped to enhance the Library exchequer. As a result of all this, along with other efforts, the Library gradually grew in size and community importance, until within a decade it could boast of several thousand volumes, housed in an attractive building of its own and administered by a paid librarian.

In the "Home and Farm" letters of 1888 we find the following brief quotations that have to do with Hillside:

September, 1888

Summer has gone! Not only does the calendar say so, as it bids us write September: the wind says so with a new sound as it rushes through the leaves; the birds say so, as they fly southward; the changing hues of foliage say so; the ripening

apples, plums, and purple grapes say so; the shocks of corn in the fields, keeping guard over yellow pumpkins, say so; the dull and drooping sunflowers say so; the golden-rod, brown and shrivelled, says so; the witch-hazel says so, as it sets off its "small artillery" and shoots its shining white-tipped seeds far out into the air; the milk-weed says so, pointing upward its beautiful seed-pods; the sweet-brier says so, holding up its scarlet fruit. Summer is gone! Summer is gone!

Last autumn was beautiful in Wyoming: we had warm glorious days and heavenly nights. So I said to my sister Nell, "Stay this year and see how lovely the autumn is here." And she, nothing loth, stayed. No sooner was she left behind by her devoted spouse than the wind blew cold, the rain fell fast, barometer and thermometer vied with one another to see which could fall the fastest. I continually say, "It is going to be warm"; but the weather is not to be coerced, and Nell and her children laugh at me until I feel personally responsible for these desolate and disagreeable days.

Here it is the third of October, and when I rose this morning the roofs and walks were white with snow, and tiny drifts nestled in the grape-vines. We have had several flurries of snow during the day, and once a hailstorm, though the sun came out now and then to laugh at us. Nell says she is going home, but I am sure Indian Summer is still to come.

October, 1888

Yesterday Alice, Prentiss, and I, undaunted by cloudy skies, set off for a walk. Over the hills and far away we went. What fun to climb in this cool bracing air, and the worst of the fences would not be bad if skirts were not such nuisances as they are! We walked through fields of brown golden-rod, with here and there a spray kept fresh to remind us of what a sunshine of color was here only a few weeks ago. Finally we struck a road that led down into the "gulf," where we wanted to go. But who could have dreamed of such mud! We threw down stones for our steps across, and then went merrily on in spite of occasional floundering in the mud. The "gulf" is a glory of yellow and brown that has followed the summer's carnival of color. The witch-hazel has scattered most of its leaves, but its curly-haired flowers are tossing their golden ringlets against the magic seed-pods. Elecampane is a stately brown queen not less beautiful because her vivid petals have vanished. The pods of the milk-weed are just opening to send forth their feathery messengers. Green is left, too. The red oak shows it in shining crimson-veined leaves. The barberry is clad in summer green and laden with yellow berries. The thin leaves of cherry trees, from which yellow tries to steal the green, still cling tenaciously to their boughs; while fields of winter wheat seem colored by the prophecy of far-off spring.

For a good many years, while her children were of school age, Mrs. Coonley encouraged their practice in the poetic art by a standing offer of remuneration at the rate of five cents a stanza for all original verse produced by them. Avery seems to have profited the most under this arrangement, judging from such specimens of the family muse as have been preserved; one or two of these latter are accompanied by a bill payable to the "A. C. P. Co.," which we take to signify the "Avery Coonley Poetry Company." Here are three of his early efforts:

THE ACCIDENT

A little boy,
A little dress,
A little tub,
A sloppy mess.

A little splash,
A little yell,
A slipper plied
Extremely well.

A little lunch,
No little chair,
He stands to eat
His humble fare.

FIVE CENTS' WORTH

I'm a little ragamuffin
Who gets a lot of cuffin',
I go down to a pastry shop
And steal, but that ain't nuffin'.
I tease the woman—get her hot,
And run and get her puffin',
And when she's tired out and stops
I simply *rag a muffin*.

AN INSPIRATION

I've got to have just five cents more;
A rhyme! my sakes, a rhyme!
I can't make squirrel rhyme with whirl,
But wait, just give me time.

There's biscuit, but what rhymes with it?
Alas, for my poor purse!
I know—I'm on to Shakespeare's trick!
I'll write it in blank verse.

An offering submitted by Howard at the age of thirteen is in more serious vein, although it may be suspected that the two-line stanza form was adopted for reasons not altogether disinterested.

POOR OLD NELL

One of our neighbors, so I've heard tell,
Had an old horse whose name was Nell.

She was blind in both of her eyes,
And one day, to our greatest surprise,

As she was walking over the well
Crack went the boards and in she fell.

She had a colt just four months old
Who kicked about as if it told

Where its poor old mother lay
And where it was romping at its play.

We were in the orchard then
Picking apples with all the men,

When they came to tell us of Nell,
And how she had fallen into the well.

We got the men as fast as we could,
And gathered up some poles of wood

To make a frame to draw her out;
But she died before we had time to doubt

Whether she would be able to stand
Or walk about upon the land.

We dragged her out and buried her well,
And that was the end of poor old Nell.

A second fairly distinct phase in Hillside history dates from 1890, in which year Mrs. Coonley bought her mother's half-interest in the place, thereby becoming its sole owner. At about the same time she took the first modest steps in what was later to become a radical course of improvements and enlargements, by building a home for Mr. Whitcomb, the farm superintendent, on a site back of and above the lower gardens, on what was later called "the knoll," and by purchasing some fourteen acres of adjoining farm-land. Mrs. Avery, now relieved of all household responsibilities, was henceforth free to devote herself to those reform movements, chiefly woman suffrage and bimetallism, which then and for many years later engrossed her thoughts.

This new phase is perhaps most definitely marked by the increasing prominence in Hillside life and activities of the family's fourth generation. Mary, the oldest of Mrs. Coonley's six children, was now just of age, Avery was twenty, the next three were in their teens, while Prentiss (the youngest) was ten. These, with their many cousins and visiting friends, made a rollicking population in this summer paradise for the young, with its attics and barns and roundhouse, its orchards and brook

and spring, its near-by meadows and woodland, and best of all its background of prosperous yet simple home-life, presided over by wise and tolerant and sympathetic elders.

Some typical incidents in the life of this younger generation are recorded by one of its members in the following contribution to this volume:

One summer when Mary Coonley was a girl, she and her friend Sarah Holbrook were prominent in a group known as the Dynamite Club, made up of Hillside young people under the *sub rosa* leadership of Uncle Gil Shanklin, and devoted to nocturnal exploits of a more or less desperate nature. One of these latter consisted in arising after midnight, assembling in the kitchen by candle-light, and boiling eggs! At one time this summer two elderly maiden ladies, friends of Grandmother Avery's, were visiting at Hillside. Between the two there existed a sort of rivalry, amounting almost to hostility, which the Dynamite Club decided to foster. One evening a string was run into the bedroom of Old Maid Number 1, and attached to the upper sheet of her bed. After she had retired that night and was fast asleep, the Club members assembled under her window; the string was pulled, dragging the sheet from her bed, and then the outside end of the string was thrown into the adjoining bedroom of Old Maid

Number 2, thus seeming to fasten the deed upon her. A somewhat heated argument between the two spinsters ensued next morning.

A favorite amusement of the younger boys was to camp out for the night, sometimes on the hill back of the spring, sometimes in the Shirley orchard. Late in the evening on one of these occasions, Aunt Lydia asked Stuart to go up to the camp with a lantern, to see if the boys were warm enough. Chancing to visit their rooms before starting, Stuart found them all snugly asleep in bed. It developed that they had heard some animal near their tent in the dark, and had decided to flee from what later proved to be a calf!

The smaller boys built a shack in one corner of the old barn-yard, and displayed upon it an elaborate sign—"Coonley, Robinson & Co., Fine Confections." There was a window or opening through which business might be conducted, and the stock was carefully counted at the beginning and close of each day's transactions. When business languished, as it often did, a cousin was dispatched to the "big house" to solicit orders from the family and guests, such orders being later delivered in a small wagon drawn by the pet goat.

Further particulars of the commercial enterprise above mentioned, as well as another anecdote of about this same period, have been supplied by Mr. Prentiss Coonley as follows:

When the candy business of Coonley, Robinson & Company was established it dealt solely in stick candy, which was bought at six sticks for a nickel and sold at five for a nickel, the profits being divided equally between the members of the firm. Needless to say, the returns were not large. When, however, we discovered that we could buy a box of chewing gum on the basis of two and one-half cents a packet and sell it for five cents, we felt that our fortunes were made. But disillusionment soon followed, when we glutted the local market.

I also remember how distressed Mrs. Whitcomb (the wife of our farmer) was, just after they had moved into their new and much larger cottage, because her added duties prevented her giving proper attention to their baby Irene. Bonnycastle and I volunteered to take Irene out in her baby carriage, which delighted Mrs. Whitcomb. However, when we appeared for the third successive outing she became suspicious, and followed us to see what was being done. To her consternation, she found that we were taking the baby carriage with Irene in it to the top of the hill which used to run from the Forum down to the "big house," where one of us would release it and the other would catch it at the bottom of the hill.

A fondness for animals in general, and for horses in particular, was scarcely less notable in this younger generation than it had been

in old Mr. Look. Each of the four Coonley boys could harness a horse from the time when he was obliged to stand in a manger to put on the head-gear; and each now had at Hillside his own horse or horses, to which he was intensely devoted. The family four-in-hand, with one or another of these boys at the reins, was long a familiar and imposing sight on the roads about Wyoming. Now and then there were long delectable horse-back rides through the neighboring country, when they accompanied the local cattle-dealer, Dave Hubbard, on his buying expeditions. Next to riding and driving, baseball was the favorite outdoor sport of those days, and for many years one or more of the Coonley boys figured prominently on the Wyoming ball team.

But it was by no means all play and no work for the young people of Hillside. Although domestic help was now more plentiful than in the older days, the number of those who came here each summer had increased greatly and there was far more work to be done, both indoors and on the farm. The following detailed account of household ways and means, although written after Mrs. Coonley's second marriage, is equally applicable to the time now under consideration:

The happiness of family and guests continued under the new regime [after Mrs. Avery's retirement from active housekeeping], but the hostess was far from satisfied. There was the sense of incompleteness and the lack of something necessary to perfect the harmony. The system of work was evidently at fault, and Mrs. Ward sought the cause thereof. It could not be right that the comfort of part of the family should be sacrificed to the pleasures of the rest, even when those pleasures were most innocent, profitable, and inspiring.

The solution of a problem that ought to be solved is always possible, and the attempt in that direction lay along the line of co-operation. Members of the family and guests willingly entered upon the experiment, which has now borne successfully the test of many years of practice.

In the thinking-cap stage Mrs. Ward decided that the difficulty was not in the kitchen, as a competent cook with even an untrained assistant can provide for a family of thirty or forty as easily as for ten, without assistance. Nor was it in laundry or bedrooms. The dining-room was the crux. The larger the family the more dishes to wash and wipe, the longer table to set and clear, the more pantry shelves to keep in order—and much of this work to be done at untimely hours. Presto! it was transferred to the family and guests, and the monotonous burden changed into a tri-daily social occupation and diversion.

To enter somewhat into details, which may be suggestive to others: The two long extension tables are set in T-shape, with an extra one in a corner when needed. At the side of the large dining-room is a long and not too wide kitchen table, the legs stained and the padded top covered with white enameled cloth drawn tight and fastened with brass nails. As soon as the meal is over the work of clearing the table is begun. Plates and dishes are scraped with flexible palette knives, and are almost clean when put into the dishwater. The scrapings are carefully divided according to the needs of dogs, chickens, and pigs; dishes are systematically piled, and then three trays are placed on the table to hold the immense pans of hot dishwater, the smaller one with almost boiling rinsing water and wire drainers. The "feeder" supplies dishes to the pan, where two wash them; the "fisher" extracts them from the rinsing water, and the group of "wipers" soon has them placed in the pantry or on the table for the next meal. Several are otherwise at work during the scraping and piling process; they clear, wash, and dry the table and replace the white crocheted doylies, for table-cloths are never used, thus decreasing laundry work, for a spotted mat is more easily washed than a spotted tablecloth. One sweeps the floor, one dusts, and so at last all finish simultaneously; dish towels are hung on the syringa bushes, and blinds and doors closed.



HILLSIDE BEFORE THE LAST RECONSTRUCTION — EAST VIEW

(From a photograph of about 1900)

There are often more helpers in the dining-room than can work to advantage. Even a dozen sometimes crowd to the fray, but "the more the merrier" was never truer than under such conditions. Songs, dances, stories accompany the work, and fun reigns.

After the breakfast work is done a part of the family adjourns to the piazza, where newly-gathered vegetables demand attention. A bushel of sweet corn is brought daily for the noon meal; this is husked and silked, peas shelled and beans snapped, but there are enough hands to make the work light.

This change of method has made the summer a joy to every member of the family. An indirect result is that ideal methods of work are learned by the younger members of the family as well as by young visitors; a true estimate of the value of manual labor is promoted, and there is a realization that earning one's right to enjoy adds zest to pleasure.

In addition to their duties in the home and on the farm, there was no lack of other occupations for the Hillside young people. A systematic course in one field or another, under the direction of some family guest, was generally a part of every summer's program. Thus in 1888 Miss Alice Helm conducted a class in sketching and painting. Throughout

another summer, there was instruction in choral singing by Miss Eleanor Smith. Then and always music held a foremost place among the varied family interests. Referring to this in her reminiscences, Mrs. Coonley writes:

Fanny Root became one of my dearest friends, and afterwards lived with us. She was Dr. George F. Root's younger sister. My children were intimate with the Roots, and music came to be one of their greatest resources. Mary played the piano, Avery and Sarah first and second violins, Stuart the viola, Howard the 'cello, and Prentiss the organ. I always took the part of accompanist. We used to bring piles of music to Wyoming, for practice during the summer, and we often gave concerts in the village for the library.

The "Hillside Minuet," composed by Dr. Root's son Frederic, was always a feature of the concerts above mentioned. Through the marriage of John Stuart Coonley to the daughter of Frederic Root, in 1895, these two families were brought still more closely together. Dr. George F. Root (who, by the way, set to music one of Mrs. Coonley's most popular child-songs, "Bending O'er a Cradle Low") visited Hillside in 1891—an event thus described in one of the "Home and Farm" letters of that year:

August, 1891

We have just had a visit from a very remarkable man—Dr. Root, the celebrated musician. Doubtless you know him through his songs, as most of the song-books used in churches and Sunday-schools contain many of his compositions. You also know his “Vacant Chair,” “Tramp, Tramp, Tramp,” “There’s Music in the Air,” “Hazel Dell,” and many more. But I want you to come nearer and let me introduce you to a gentleman of the old school, tall, erect, white-haired, courtly in manner, with gentle eyes and a benignant expression upon his kind face. He is genial and approachable, a favorite wherever he goes.

He is more than seventy years old, yet his singing is remarkably fine. Few young men could rival it. His voice is a deep bass, full and round, and he sings not only with expression but with that rare accomplishment—perfect articulation. One does not miss the words of his songs; they unite with the music to charm his listeners. To see him sit at the piano, play his own accompaniment, and sing his captivating songs, “The Ivy Green,” “The Wanderer,” “Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,” and many others, is to form a picture that memory brings back to the eye and ear with keen pleasure.

Some other Hillside guests of this same summer were the astronomers David P. Todd

and his wife Mabel Loomis Todd, Susan B. Anthony, William P. Letchworth, Rev. William C. Gannett, Mary A. Livermore, and Rev. Anna Howard Shaw. In the guest-book of this year (the first which seems to have been kept, or at least the earliest of those that have been preserved) Dr. Todd wrote:

Work and play judiciously mixed—a variety of occupations, from tinkering the “fly-trap” to lecturing on Africa. To the three pleasantest experiences of my life—a winter on Mount Hamilton, a summer in Japan, and eight months on the U.S.S. *Pensacola*—is now added a fortnight at Hillside.

Two family events, although not directly related to Hillside, belong to the annals of 1891. The first of these is the opening of Mrs. Coonley’s beautiful new Chicago home, at Number 620 Division Street. The second is the marriage, on January 7, of George Capwell Avery to Kate Shindler Jewett of New York City; their only child was Juliette Barmore (later Mrs. Donald McDonald), born October 8, 1893, died October 26, 1922.

Mrs. Coonley’s usual joy in the Wyoming landscape and usual note of regret at leaving Hillside are voiced in the following:

November, 1891

October brought us days of wonder—early days with full-foliaged trees tinted with the colors that autumn loves; later days when the frosts spread a rustling carpet on the ground and many trees wore a thinning veil of leaves, while a glory of brown, yellow, and green met our eyes and stilled our voices in the presence of Nature's God.

Some of these Indian Summer days are forever enshrined: the air mild, the wind soft, the sun shining through the haze that lay over the hills in the beauty of limitless suggestion, the sky blending its blue and gray in clouds of white. What days to open the heart and lose its perplexities in the great surrounding universe!

Our pains and trials and sorrows roll away as, standing on a hill-top in the heavenly autumn air, we see ourselves as parts of the great whole and in harmony with the universe. Like Ernest Clare, we have two souls—the one to bear the burden and heat of the day, the other to abide on spiritual mountain-tops, rapt in the contemplation of things ineffable.

When shall we learn that most of our tribulations are like motes in the air, while realities are of the spirit? The prayer that never fails of answer is the prayer for spiritual gifts. How simple it all seems on such October days! The thrill of heaven in the air is caught in the heart, and sets it to a key of joy that would be ecstatic only

that it partakes of the peace that passeth understanding.

With such memories of days enshrined we say good-bye to Wyoming—to the dear, dear valley, hills, and fields—to the brook, the skies, the trees. Good-bye, “Auf Wiedersehen”!

Chiefly notable in the family annals of 1892 is the marriage, on April 18 in the new Chicago home, of Mary Letchworth Coonley to Thomas Hollis of Concord, Massachusetts. The children of this couple are Thomas (born December 8, 1893), John Coonley (born December 1, 1896), and Howard Coonley (born October 7, 1899).

During the following year Mrs. Coonley was much engrossed in the great World's Fair at Chicago. The family did not come to Hillside until mid-August, and then stayed only a few weeks. Even this brief absence from the exposition's myriad attractions was not altogether voluntary, as this quotation indicates:

I have left all these human as well as material interests at their height in Chicago, and have run away into the quiet country. Even as I write the words, I am half minded to fly back to such unparalleled intellectual delight. But the children's voices plead for a season of the simple country

pleasures before the year's work in colleges and schools shall begin. So here we are—and instead of a summons to the Fair, I hear: “Come to the spring!” and I lay down my writing, don one of the boy's hats, and am off!

At the end of this summer, she writes in the Hillside guest-book:

Weeks of out-door life, leaving memories of color, fragrance, and thoughts that gladden the heart. We have missed the Religious Parliament and many interesting strangers and friends at the Fair. We go home with a large Wyoming party. One of the chief summer pleasures has been the trying of new music—songs, trios, and quartettes.

Perhaps the chief interest of Mrs. Coonley's life, from early girlhood, lay in the practice of literary composition; and as her children grew up, she made constant and systematic efforts to cultivate a like interest on their part. As a consequence, several of the younger generation became decidedly proficient with the pen. Few birthdays at Hillside ever went uncelebrated by appropriate offerings in verse or prose; and many a sprightly satire on the activities or attributes of their strongly individual mother and grandmother were laid by the young people upon the domestic altar.

The following, a sly burlesque on his mother's habit of personifying the lesser works of Nature, is by Avery:

A GARDEN-TRUCK REVERY

Dainty pealet, viney vine,
How thy tendriled armlets twine!
How thy fairy emerald sacque
Bags and wrinkles in the back!
Who'd think one so young and lank
Could have little ones to spank!
There in pointed cradle green
May the children fair be seen.
Not in pairs nor yet in threelets
Come the darling pretty Pealets,
But the stern imposing fatelets
Bring them oftentimes in eightlets.
Grave old Doctor Cabbage Head
Came. "A common case," he said;
"Mrs. Green at number seven
Was afflicted with eleven."

Mrs. Mother-Peavine's aims
Turn to finding eight good names.
"P. Green" is of course the first,
With "P. Can" the second's cursed,
Number three is named "P. Culiar"
(No such common name as "Julia").
But these first are surely on'y a
Fourth as sad as "P. Neumonia."

There were others quite as bad,
But she called the smallest lad,
Who was nimble, quick, and true,
Quite correctly, "P. D. Q."

O'er these babes in cradle green
Mama Peavine may be seen.
When the breezelet is a-hustling
And you think the vines are rustling,
And the windlet is a-roaring—
Really 'tis the Pealets snoring.

But the best of these earlier writings is a long prose composition, now to be reprinted. It touches the deeper as well as the lighter chords, and for all its playful irony gives us no little insight into the essential atmosphere and traditions of Hillside home-life. The draft from which this reprint is taken bears date of September, 1894, and is in Mrs. Coonley's handwriting; but we should guess that the original is by one of her children.

YE LEGENDE OF YE HILLSIDE

Once upon a time, many years ago, an aged man and his wife lived in a far country, away from their children. And they said: "It is not well that our years increase and we dwell alone." So they indited a letter unto their children, and the children said: "Let us find for us a farm in a

salubrious climate where our parents may dwell, and let us assemble there each year when the seasons wax hot and the cities are filled with the sighs of the weary; and let us gladden our hearts by familiar intercourse with those whom God has bound to us by ties of blood. There may our children gambol in the fields and sport upon the hills, and their sinews shall grow strong, their stature increase, and their souls be fed with the joys of rural life.”

And they did as they had purposed. They found in a beautiful land a farm whereon were hills and vales and above all a never-failing spring whereof the water was cold as if flowing from mountains of ice. And its crystal stream issuing from out the hillside quenched the thirst of man and beast and brought healing to the sick. And there was a fair dwelling on the hillside, where the grandparents made their abode, and they cared for the fruits and the grain that grew abundantly, and for the cattle and swine, and for the steeds that willingly drew them from place to place. And thither came the children and grandchildren in each year as Spring gave place to summer's heat.

And the years multiplied and the children grew to man's estate, and they married and children were born unto them. And the grandparents grew feeble as the children waxed strong; until, after many years and full of honors, they passed into the unseen world.

And the second, third, and fourth generations occupied the home upon the hill. They were many, and of various ages, from tender infants and little boys and girls to youths and maidens and young men and women, with the honors of great universities upon them. And the mothers and the beautiful grandmother were of the household.

And the children of the house were filled with the love of music, and they sang and played on divers instruments. So eager were they to reach perfection that they practiced with zeal on every week-day, until the mother was wont to say: "My children, it is not well that in the vacation time ye do work so diligently." But the children replied: "Dear mother, let us work that we may improve the powers God has given us." And when it was their privilege to discourse sweet music in the village hard by, then did they rejoice exceedingly, saying: "It behooves us to practise the more that we may excel in this event."

And all was joy within the home where they still gathered for refreshing in the summer season. For the foundations of life in that home were laid in simplicity, obedience, and love of God, and from these issued lives such as follow the training and discipline of noble and righteous ancestors. For the helping of others there have been recorded various matters, even to petty details, wherein this gentle family excelled and set its shining example as a light for future generations.

There were divers duties connected with life on the hillside farm, for the family was great, numbering often two-score, and all worked together for the common good. Hence the youths and maidens labored in the house, and made the hours of labor connected with the hall of refreshment seasons of jollification, and the toil was not felt to be a burden. Indeed, this youthful generation esteemed work as a pleasure and welcomed it. There were fruits and vegetables to be gathered, and the young men vied with one another in friendly rivalry over these delightful tasks.

The maidens in their turn donned aprons which well became their youthful beauty, and stripped from the succulent corn its external protection of husks, carefully removing the silky fibres that had nourished its growth. They separated the beans from their pods, and shelled the gentle pease; they divested the apples of their skins and cores, and prepared lucious plums and pears for the delectation of the household.

As recreation, both youths and maidens repaired to the garden, gathered the lovely flowers, and arranged them in choice receptacles. And thus did their love of nature increase.

Sometimes they went to visit in the dwellings of neighbors, and great was their astonishment at what they then observed. For example, it was noticed in the homes where young people were not conscientious in the discharge of duty that panes

of glass would be seen, for weeks together, broken in window sashes. And it was learned that in some cases mirrors remained unhung for the space of months, the family being much inconvenienced thereby. Vegetable gardens were unwatered and not carefully gleaned; fallen twigs and leaves were left to disfigure beautiful lawns; grass remained too long unacquainted with the friendly office of the mower; fruit hung ungathered; and the skins of grapes, plums, and pears, with their stones and cores, were thrown carelessly on the ground in front of houses or near back piazzas, where they were plainly seen when the inhabitants put their horses in the stable or visited the blooming flower-garden.

And the young people said to one another: "This is passing strange, for it is well known that when children are not careful about these things then must their mothers and grandmothers follow about to repair their neglect, albeit to pick up skins and cores of fruit is a most unpleasant task, especially when as sometimes occurs the bones are racked of rheumatic pains; and it is a slight matter to dispose of the discarded portions of fruit in a jar set for the purpose, and to cleanse the finger-tips in the small bowl of water that stands hard by the jar. These things are the more essential because it is well known that orderly habits are the chief economists of time, and that carelessness is but another name for selfishness, since the time of

others is as precious as our own, and it taketh fewer moments to put things where they belong the instant their purpose is served than to follow about and set in order articles carelessly misplaced."

Thus spake the children, one to another, and they redoubled their attention to their duties, and kept putty on hand carefully preserved in water, lest at any time a storm or an accident should shatter a pane of glass. And for hats and coats were certain racks provided, whereon they were always hung when not in use, so that no one was ever heard to ask the ominous questions: "Where is my hat?" "Where is my coat?" And there was in the house a common room for common use, and within it a closet wherein were kept various articles for general service, including tools and string. And to look into this closet was a delight because of the beautiful order in which it was kept.

Many were the joys of this dear household. For well did the youths love their noble steeds, and they traversed the country far and wide with ever-new delight. And at one time there was a pet animal which was endured by the many for the sake of the few that loved it, for there emanated from it an odor that was not of Araby, albeit its food was chiefly wood and tin. But the children loved it, and it drew them from place to place and gave them greeting even by the lifting of its forefeet to their hands. But at last, owing to the unwise devouring of apples not yet ripe, this dear

companion was called to lay down his life. And so it was with other pets, until the voice of the dog and sweet cry of the cat were not heard upon the hillside. And the grandmother rejoiced, albeit the children mourned.

It behooves us to speak particularly of the grandmother, for she was a remarkable woman. There was behind the hillside house a great pile of stones which had been gathered for the building of a new room. On various accounts the building was postponed, and the grandmother was troubled because the stones were offensive to her eye. So that at last she said: "Mayhap I will myself remove them." But the children said: "Nay, nay! Let them lie for a use that the future will bring." Now she was a worthy woman, and greatly exercised in her mind about many things. She loved not the weeds that freely grew along the roadsides; and the fields that were thick with the fecund thistle, yielding its silken down to the planting of the winds, were more than her spirit could endure, and she waxed wroth with those farmers who did not assiduously uproot them and give them to the destroying element of the bonfire. The flower-garden was also a thorn in her flesh, for she cared not greatly for flowers, and she surmised that the farmer who tilled the ground labored too diligently among these, instead of continually cultivating the vegetables and the grain—albeit he arose betimes at dawn that he might

secretly nurture the flowers, for his heart delighted in them. But the children also loved the flowers, and were not minded to begrudge their cultivation. And they said: "Dear grandmother, the flowers are also needed to feed the soul; let us enjoy their beauty and profusion and be glad in them, for beauty has its place as companion to use."

Now the children revered their grandmother, for she was a remarkable woman. Deeply was she concerned about the welfare of the human race, and especially about the female part. Her soul was vexed because of the imperfection of existing laws and methods, and she discoursed continually on this subject, waylaying visitors and travelers and acquaintances that she might discuss these great matters. And she convinced many who did not yield readily. She labored greatly, and was fain to conquer by importunity. And she wrote learned essays on subjects near to her heart, and read them at great meetings of women. Such was her eagerness to improve her family that she carried always in her hand a book or a paper, and wished continually to read from them.

But the children were merry and full of sport, and they delighted not in so much of solemn import. And at this her heart was heavy, and she cried out: "When will ye learn wisdom, O ye who waste the days of your youth!" And she remembered not the words of King Solomon, "There is a time to laugh and a time to dance." For her



HILLSIDE BEFORE THE LAST RECONSTRUCTION — WEST VIEW
(From a photograph of about 1900)

heart was always in travail over the wrong-doing of a perverse generation, and she pondered day and night on reform.

Notwithstanding these things, the hearts of the grandchildren were filled with pride because of their beautiful grandmother, for she was fair to look upon, with features regular as if molded by a sculptor, and glossy waving hair and an erect form, and she walked with the light step of youth, and she loved truth, honor, and righteousness. And the young men and maidens said: "Go to! Where will ye find another like unto our beloved grandmother!" And even when they made merry they also rejoiced.

So the years went by, and peace and joy and love made their dwelling on the hillside. And the grandmother lifted up her voice and said: "Notwithstanding all, it is well with ye, O my grandchildren!" And the youths and maidens, from the greatest even unto the least, replied with one accord: "O our grandmother, it is well!"

Of the two youthful compositions immediately following, the first is a specimen of persuasive blandishments often exercised by the youngest Coonley in pursuit of some desired goal—or in this case, goat. The second is a beautiful little prose poem written at the age of eight years by Goldsborough Robinson, a greatly beloved and exceptionally gifted mem-

ber of the younger Hillside generation whose death in early manhood cut short a career of rare artistic promise.

Hillside, July 30, 1894

My darling Mother,

Yes, it is to bad that I have not written to you before. Now I write to ask if you will get me a clothes brush [here follows a picture of the desired article] with *very* stiff bristles and a limber back. Stuart, George, and I took a walk. I have seen something that I want——A G O A T——a nany with shiny gray hair very long in some places, *no smell*! ! ! ! I have a \$14 wagon a harness and all nessesary instruments. Dear Mother I want it very much. I could get it for \$1.50 or less probably. The other goat cost \$2—goat \$1, smell \$1. I think that it is a pity to let the wagon go to waste. [Picture of a goat.] The dark place shows the hair about 5 inches long. I am earnestly waiting for your sure coming, never failing, always merry “Yes.”

PRENTISS.

GOLDSBOROUGH'S STORY OF WYOMING

The country was hilly, and up on a hill stood a big farm-house, and children were happy and children were playing, out camping and wading, and picnicking too. Out driving and fishing, as well you may know, and way up by the mill-dam,

where fishes were playing, we caught minnows, black bass, and perch too were glancing. And up by the hay-stack the children were jumping, hunting eggs, climbing trees. And up in the orchard, on a big steep hillside, the apple trees loaded, and children were in them eating their fill. And up in the peach trees the children were shaking the peaches down merrily. And up by the silvery spring they dance, and by moonlight among the corn-stalks they dance, playing hide-and-go-seek, and catcher they play. Way up in the round-house playing ten-pins or ball, and down in the raspberry patch they run in a happy row.

Oh why, oh why, can we never go there any more? Goodbye, goodbye!

Mrs. Coonley was in California during the early summer of 1894. She returned to Hillside in August, and upon leaving three months later made this entry in the guest-book: "A delightful part of an eventful year. I have rejoiced in a house full of dear ones—and also in these last quiet days when for the first time I have been here alone."

An important family event of the year following occurred in the marriage at Chicago on June 12 of John Stuart Coonley and Louise Sherwood Root—the latter a granddaughter of the distinguished composer, Dr. George

F. Root, and a daughter of Frederic Root, also an accomplished musician and composer. Their children are Lydia Avery, born January 3, 1897; John Stuart, born February 3, 1900; and Frances Root (now Mrs. Edward S. Rawson, Jr.), born October 5, 1901.

Somewhat less than two years later, on March 18, 1897, Mrs. Lydia Avery Coonley was married in Chicago to Professor Henry Augustus Ward, a scientist of international reputation and an early graduate of the old Middlebury Academy in Wyoming. This same year also brought the publication of Mrs. Coonley's widely popular "Singing Verses for Children," upon which she had long been working in happy collaboration with several friends—Eleanor Smith, Jessie L. Gaynor, Frederic W. Root, and Frank H. Atkinson, Jr., who contributed the musical settings, and Alice Kellogg Tyler, who supplied the many attractive illustrations and marginal decorations in color.

For Mrs. Avery in particular, the first three days of September, 1900, were illumined on the Hillside calendar by a week-end visit of several prominent suffragist leaders, officers of the National American Woman's Suffrage Association, who adjourned to Wyoming from

a business session in Rochester. These guests included Susan B. Anthony, Carrie Chapman Catt, Anna Howard Shaw, Rachel Foster Avery, Alice Stone Blackwell, Harriet Taylor Upton, Laura Clay, and Catherine Waugh McCulloch. A Sunday morning service at Hillside was participated in by most of the visitors; Dr. Shaw preached an evening sermon in the Baptist Church of Wyoming; and on Monday evening several of the party spoke at a library benefit in the village. Later in this same year, on Mrs. Avery's eighty-third birthday, a local suffrage organization was launched at Wyoming and named the Susan Look Avery Club in honor of its founder and principal associate.

The marriages of three other members of the Coonley family have now to be recorded. They are, with the names and birth-dates of the couple's children in each case: (1) Sarah Oliphant Coonley to William Watkins Davies of Louisville, at Chicago on November 29, 1900. Emily Stevenson (now Mrs. John Durant), January 30, 1902; William Watkins, November 19, 1903; Lydia Coonley (now Mrs. Frederick Johnson), October 17, 1908; John Coonley, May 1, 1911. (2) Howard Coonley to Leslie Walker May of Boston, at Boston

on April 18, 1901. Howard, August 16, 1902; John Clark, September 24, 1904; Dudley Avery, May 24, 1908; Lester, April 14, 1912; Cynthia, February 27, 1916. (3) Avery Coonley to Queene Ferry of Detroit, at Unadilla, New York, on June 8, 1901. Elizabeth Ferry (now Mrs. Waldron Faulkner), December 3, 1902.

The Hillside guest-books for the years from 1894 to 1901 contain many interesting entries, both grave and gay, of which the following half-dozen are typical:

Having found Holiness, Greatness, and Happiness at Hillside, I will write out here my favorite definitions: Holiness is an infinite compassion for others; Greatness is to take the common things of life and walk nobly among them; Happiness is a great love and much serving.

JESSIE BROSS LLOYD.

A week—two weeks—of quiet days,
 With plenteous rain;
Of pleasant berry-sprinkled ways,
And talk among the bending sprays,
 With double gain.

Talk that dug deep and floated high,
 With easy range;

Sage games of chess while hours went by,
And evenings—laughing till you cry
At speeches strange.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

The memory of the shifting lights and shadows
on this beautiful hillside, and of the peace and
harmony within this loving household, will rest
like a benediction upon the heart of your grateful,
loving friend, SARAH J. FARMER (of Greenacre,
Maine).

We've rode, we've sewed, we've talked, we've
played,
We've eaten fruit galore;
We've rehung scenes on memory's walls
Of days that are no more.

We've even paddled in the Pond,
And oh! I grieve to tell
That John, to make the list complete,
Has in the fountain fell.

MARY COONLEY HOLLIS.

“He hath set the solitary in families.” This
old text has been beautifully illumined to me this
happy summer, when I have been a witness—yea,
and a partaker—of the life of an ideal family.
From coming lives, unborn to earth as yet, to the
grand old soul who numbers nearly four-score

years and five, not one tone of the perfect harmony is omitted. Surely this song must “ring out to all the world,” and we who have caught its first vibrations must swell its chorus—“Thank God for Love.”

KATE STARR KELLOGG.

Beauty, pleasure, peace of mind,
These I take, yet leave behind;
Leave behind, yet take with me—
Tell me, how can this thing be?

“Thus,” replied the Sage; “all pleasure,
Peace and beauty without measure,
Thou must take, yet leave behind—
Leave in body, take in mind.”

So leaving what I would like to take, and taking leave at the same time, I sign myself with tender regret and affectionate gratitude—the dear departing, LAURA ORMISTON CHANT, England.

A wish that Mrs. Ward had cherished for many years came to happy realization in 1902. This was “the desire to give something worthy to the village with which our family has been identified for nearly half a century—to express my interest in and affection for the community in some permanent and tangible form.” After long consideration, she decided upon a community hall as the most useful and fitting

embodiment of her purpose. There was some discussion of possible sites for this building as early as January, 1900, in the "Wyoming Reporter." During the following summer, detailed plans drawn up by Messrs. Pond & Pond of Chicago were approved, and ground broken on a site next to the postoffice and across from the old Academy; but owing to various difficulties, the building did not reach completion until two years later. Its public dedication, on October 4, 1902, was a red-letter day in Wyoming history. Several hundred visitors were in town for this occasion, and for the concurrent celebration of the village's (or, more accurately, the township's) centennial. The exercises in dedication of the Hall included addresses by Dr. Augustus H. Strong, Rev. William C. Gannett, and Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery, all of Rochester, Miss Sarah J. Farmer of Greenacre, Maine, and Rev. Anna Howard Shaw of Philadelphia. At the same time, a fine brick "fire tower," designed to house the local fire-company, was presented to that organization by Mrs. Ward's oldest son, Avery Coonley.

Village Hall is an impressive brick building, of French provincial architecture, with sturdy buttresses running up to high dormer windows

and rather sharply sloping roofs. To the right of the entrance-lobby is a large club-room, and on the floor above this a room of equal size houses an excellent small natural history collection formed by Professor Ward. Most of the remaining space in the building is given over to an assembly room, some sixty by forty feet in size, with timbered walls and ceiling the full height of the structure, and with a stage at one end. Kitchen, cloak-rooms, musicians' gallery, and stage dressing-rooms complete the interior arrangements. Few communities of whatever size can boast of such a handsome and useful public hall. In one of her "Reporter" letters written soon after the dedication, Mrs. Ward refers to it as follows:

October 8, 1902

Is not the Hall beautiful! We need not speak any one name in connection with it, for it is wrought in many names. The masons, carpenters, painters who have worked there for months, the strong men who dug into the earth that enduring foundations might be laid, the artists who chose colors and forms that unify and harmonize the whole—they all have a part in the temple; and those who have not given to it the work of hands may share in the using of it. Our little village is

allied to the great world in a new and definite way, for the far peoples of the earth have sent their offerings of ebony and satin-wood to keep the skill and cunning of their art in perpetual evidence. Italy, France, Switzerland, England, China, and Japan are all represented here. Stones and fossils of the past, birds of the air and shells of the sea, have come to abide beneath our roof. We have the heritage of the past even on our opening day. For us Guido dreamed of St. Michael and Baroccio saw the heavenly vision of the saints. Shall one of us be left out?

The Hall is here, more beautiful than our dreams, and consecrated by our prayers and songs and festival. How good it was after the exhilaration of Saturday to gather on Sunday for a second dedication. To the Psalms we read might well have been added David's pæan: Bless the Lord, O my soul!

A suggestion on Mrs. Ward's part that Village Hall might be used for community religious services aroused some antagonism among the more conservative members of Wyoming's three churches. The following letter in explanation of her attitude, first printed in the "Reporter," seems well worth reproducing here, as an expression of the broad and true Christianity which was always fundamental in the Hillside family:

TO THE PEOPLE OF WYOMING

I have reason to think my position in regard to Sunday services at Village Hall may be misunderstood, and I wish to state it as nearly as I can.

My hope has always been that the hall would serve the community in every possible way. With an earnest belief in the need of spiritual influences, with a deep sense of the value of the Christian virtues, I feel that the hall would miss its highest office if it should not minister to these.

I have hoped that it would be used for occasions of all kinds, and become the larger village-home—consecrated by every variety of experience, open to every wholesome entertainment, hallowed by the sacraments, and in and through all dedicated to the service of God and beloved by every citizen.

I believe in the value of spiritual ministrations to promote unity and harmony, unselfishness and kindness, to cultivate the charity that thinketh no evil, that suffereth long and is kind, that rejoiceth in the truth, to increase brotherly love by helping us to recognize each other as belonging to one great family, since we are the children of one God.

I have hoped that in the hall we might listen to many teachers whose ministrations might be blessed to us as they have been blessed to others.

There are many in the community who are not affiliated with any church. I have felt sure that a large number of these would attend services in

the hall, and I have hoped that they would thus be brought into fellowship with those with whom they are not in the habit of meeting, and that a bond of brotherhood might be established.

These have been and are my only motives. I would not proselyte if I could. I do not want Methodist to be Baptist, or Baptist Presbyterian, but I do long to have us all realize that it is more important to follow Christ's example than to be Methodist, Baptist, or Presbyterian, and that no label can glorify a life that has not His life as a model. "Not he that repeateth the name, but he that doeth the will" is the true Christian.

I believe that there are numberless roads that lead to God, and it is for each to choose the one that seems to him best. Every heavenly road must be bordered by flowers of charity and love. None that is overgrown with weeds of selfishness, willfulness, unkindness, uncharitableness, can be a way to God. Some day we shall find ourselves in the heaven to which every true road leads, and there in our Father's house we shall surely learn that all were good. Whenever we unite on earth to worship God, we forecast the day when in His presence we shall realize that we are all of us His children.

I believe that when we know each other well we shall love each other, "for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

It is that we may thus draw nearer together, together listen to words of wisdom, and together sing and pray, that I proposed this use of the hall. And the one object of our coming together is that we may more tenderly love each other and more faithfully serve God.

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY WARD.

A family *jeu d'esprit* of the period immediately following Mrs. Ward's second marriage took the form of the following printed list of "Rules and Regulations to Be Observed by Hillside Guests":

- I. Never arise till the second bell rings.
- II. Guests are expected to wash the dishes and prepare the vegetables as the family is otherwise engaged.
- III. No one who goes to the village ever takes letters or does errands.
- IV. A special messenger will meet all mail trains to put on postal cards.
- V. It is customary never to get ready to drive until the carriages have been waiting in front of the house for fifteen minutes.
- VI. Never fail to stop a carriage as it disappears over the hill.
- VII. Every time there is a halt in transit be sure to ask the driver if he is competent, if the horses have kicked, or the harness given out.

VIII. Coffee will be served in bed at 6:30.

IX. In bathing never use over one-half inch of water, as the supply is limited.

X. One towel per week is allowed for each guest (children not included), as the washing is large.

XI. One match is sufficient to light three lamps. If the match goes out, re-light it from a lamp already burning.

XII. Bring all letters, especially those marked private, and newspaper clippings to the table to read aloud. You are the only one who wants to hear them.

XIII. Guests having nightmares should hitch them to the bed post and take a buggy ride.

XIV. Press the button thrice to summon "femme-de-chambre."

L. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. WARD,

PROPRIETOR.

Roughly contemporary with the above are these verses of Prentiss's, "On L. A. C. W.'s habit of reading poetry at breakfast":

Dear guest, if you're an epicure, with culinary
fancies,

I know a wondrous recipe that shames all necro-
mancies;

Its worth is so self-evident it needs no panegyric—
The recipe I mention is an ante-prandial lyric.

Then it's ho! for the poem,
The uplifting poem,
The poem of olden time;
If you'd heighten the taste
Of your waffles and paste,
You must have a good old-fashioned rhyme.

If you've a thorn-like preference for antiseptic
dairies,
Or by a single taste can tell Delmonico's from
Sherry's,
If what we call a restaurant appears a vile mis-
nomer—
Why, just before your breakfast read say twenty
books of Homer.

Then it's ho! for the poem,
The rippling Greek poem,
The poem of stanzas terse;
At the ten thousandth line
Raw shoe-leather tastes fine—
It's all due to the old-fashioned verse.

This recipe I used through life, for four-score years
and seven,
And when at last I died I found my soul had gone
to Heaven;
Unto each one St. Peter gave a wish, to stop all
doubting,
And when it came my turn to choose I couldn't
keep from shouting —



MRS. COONLEY AND HER CHILDREN
(From a photograph of about 1888)

Oh! give me a poem,
Just any old poem,
A poem of any old time;
This is Heaven they tell,
But it seems more like Hell
Without a good old-fashioned rhyme.

Mrs. Avery's whole-hearted adherence to the cause of "free silver," and to the "peerless leader" of that cause, made her the object of much good-natured raillery on the part of her more conservative children and grandchildren. Here are two birthday offerings, tendered in 1903 and 1904 respectively by "her oldest and proudest grandson":

I have been making a few figures, and I find that they point to silver as the God-chosen medium of exchange—only, of course, until we do away with "counters" having intrinsic value altogether. If I remember my history gleaned from that beloved book, "Coin's Financial School," which Queene and her father have constantly under their pillows, the ratio between things in general was at first fifteen to one, then fifteen and a half to one, then (I say it with reverence) SIXTEEN TO ONE. We look over the statistics of grandmothers, grandchildren, and great grandchildren in our family, and what do we find? Take the girls first; they are always behind the boys, not

from any inferiority but because for generations they were not given equal advantages—but they are coming on with noble and even manly strides. What, I say, do we find? Daughters 3, granddaughters 7, great granddaughters 4, total 14; their ratio to grandmothers is fourteen to one. Not quite up to the mark, but still beginning to look promising. How about boys? Sons 3, grandsons 7, great grandsons 5, total 15. Ratio to grandmothers, fifteen to one. I can see it creeping toward fifteen and a half, and a very mild repetition of the Crime of '73 would run the ratio up to the magic Sixteen to One. But “Christmas comin’, den look out!” We are almost there, and the girls are headed in the right direction.

There’s no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There’s no rain left in heaven;
I’ve said my sixteen to one oft over,
And I say it at eighty-seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter,
My birthday lessons are done;
My friends are goldbugs—they know no better,
Though *I* am still sixteen to one.

O silver dollar, I’ve seen you sailing
And shining so round and low—
Just a shade too low—but your light is failing,
And you weigh three pounds or so.

O Roosevelt, you're a clever fellow,
You've powdered all things with gold!
J. Laurence Laughlin, although it's yellow,
Give me your money to hold.

O Bryan, show me your motives, darker
Though they appear than might be well;
And whisper me, Why do you speak for Parker?
I'll promise you not to tell.

And show me your scheme—what reason's in it?
I will not give it away;
I own I'm convinced we never can win it,
But I'm sixteen to one today.

In connection with her ardent "free silver" allegiance, Mrs. Avery long carried on a voluminous economic correspondence with one Flavius Josephus Van Voorhis, also an ardent silverite. As a practical joke, her grandson Stuart concocted a letter purporting to emanate from this gentleman, in which among other unwonted sentiments he informed his Wyoming correspondent that he would thereafter address her as "Susie" and begged that she would call him "Flav." This letter, placed surreptitiously in Mrs. Avery's mail one morning, caused her no little mystification and grief, and could only be accounted for by her and others on the theory that her bime-

tallic friend had been indulging in some vinous beverage. The same grandson, gently satirizing the zeal with which she pressed her favorite publications, "The Commoner" and "The Public," upon family and friends, sends her this message of birthday greeting in 1906:

I wish that I could be on hand to offer you my love and felicitations on this 89th birthday of yours. The occasion would be especially auspicious, as we could discuss together thoroughly the latest number of our beloved "Horse Review," as we have done so often in the past. I have always felt that no one could take more interest in this wonderful paper, which is so far-reaching in its effects and of such mighty import to the entire community; but since I have known your interest in horse matters, I have not been surprised at the oneness of purpose in whatever you undertake, and can understand your persistent desire that I should discuss the things appearing therein with you. I am sorry that I cannot be present tomorrow to make your day doubly joyful by going into these topics thoroughly with you.

Though it bears no relation to her economic views, one other prank played upon Mrs. Avery seems worth recounting here. Once at a family gathering, when she was in her eighties, someone asked her to go to the piano

and play "Bounding Billows," a favorite piece with her. She laughingly refused; whereupon two or three of her grandsons picked up the chair in which she was sitting, placed it upon the piano, and informed her that she could not come down until she acceded to the request. Finally capitulating, she played not only "Bounding Billows" but two or three other things as well.

The period from 1903 to 1909 is, for the most part, an uneventful one in these chronicles; though at least three occurrences, one of glad and the others of sorrowful import, require mention here. The youngest of Mrs. Ward's four sons, Prentiss Loomis Coonley, was married November 15, 1905, to Mary Belle Lord of Chicago.* On July 4 of the following year, Professor Ward was struck and killed by an automobile in Buffalo, where he had stopped off for a day or two on his way to Wyoming. The eldest of Mrs. Avery's three sons, Samuel Look Avery, died at Louisville on February 27, 1907.

"The children's satisfaction in Hillside is a repetition of the joy of four previous generations," wrote Mrs. Ward in a "Reporter"

* The children of this couple are Alice Lord (born August 15, 1906), and Eleanor (born August 9, 1911).

letter of this period. "When Mrs. Davies returned to Louisville from Grayson Springs, Emily begged her not to unpack the trunks but to start at once for Wyoming, and on arriving there little Will junior said, 'I want to stay at this hotel a long time.'" She then goes on to quote the following letter, received during one of her absences from Hillside:

Wyoming, July 10, 1907

Your dear little Emily has arrived safely and is having a good time at Wyoming. If you could let us have a kitty here, I would like a kitty-cat, and I can take care of her and keep her out of the house, and feed her milk and mice, if I can find them, and a dog would be nice here too, for Billy to play too, and I will play with kitty-cat.

We've waded in the brook before you were here and can't wait to go again into the brook, it was so much fun.

I have a tiny pillow for my dolly, and also a big pillow for myself. They are pink with white covers, Billy and Johnny Bear have blue ones.

And I would like to see you very much, and also if you can come soon I would like it. And I would like the round-house cleared, and I would also like a cleared-up round-house. I would like to see you clear it up. And I would like for you to come very soon, and very soon is tomorrow, and now I

would like to have you come and come with punctually at five o'clock tomorrow. Good-bye.

Your loving little EMILY.

Among the other family compositions of about this time is the following jocular offering from Prentiss's pen, submitted to but not printed in the "Wyoming Reporter":

Dear Editor:

I have read with great interest the latest copy of your inspiring paper. I want to congratulate you upon Mrs. Ward's idea of turning the Academy into a Museum. It is fine! Though a non-resident, I feel that I can share your pleasure. The purpose of this letter is to enlarge upon Mrs. Ward's idea in more concrete form. Also I happen to know something of the values of the gifts she offers, and I want you to share this knowledge so that you may more truly appreciate them. Of the latter, first.

When Mrs. Ward has something of which she is particularly fond she does not want to keep it in her own house, where only a few can enjoy it, but wishes it placed somewhere on exhibition.

The "Boy Violinist" is a magnificent bronze, recognizable at once as a boy with a violin. The whole is mounted on a real marble pillar, so real in fact it cannot be told from imitation. She has offered it in turn to some twenty institutions and

individuals. The Nuremberg cabinet she had successively in the front parlor, back parlor, dining-room, front hall upstairs, back hall upstairs, and back hall on the third floor. The John Alden bas relief she had at the front door, on the first floor stairs, the second floor stairs, and the third floor stairs—I don't know whither the procession is bound, but probably to the attic. These last two masterpieces were also offered to the same list of institutions and individuals. And now to think that these treasures are to be in Wyoming!

Prompted by Mrs. Ward's generous example, I offer the following:

1. A picture of a baby bathing, entitled "He won't be happy till he gets it." This is really beautiful. The baby is said to have six toes on his left foot; I am not sure this is so, as the foot is in the tub and cannot be seen.

2. A life-size portrait of Governor Hughes. The whiskers in this picture are an inspiration to anyone engaged in agriculture. Such crops are seldom raised.

3. The poems of Oscar Wilde. The insides of this book are completely gone. Its value lies in the fact that the insides are said to have been torn out by George Washington in a fit of rage.

I had hoped to write more, but have already taken too much of your valuable space. In closing I again offer my heartiest congratulations.

CONSTANT READER.

Mrs. Ward's first winter visit to Wyoming was made in January, 1908. She speaks of it later as "a delightful memory, resulting in many dreams on my part, most of which I earnestly hope will come true." Having rented her Chicago home some time before, she sailed for Europe in April of the same year, staying abroad until June, 1909. At the end of a summer and autumn at Hillside immediately following her return to this country, she wrote:

These last days are certainly of the kind one dreams of as autumn's ideal. The sunshine losing itself in exquisite haze, the lovely subdued colors of the leaves still rustling on the trees and carpeting the ground, the wonderful odors that permeate the air, all make us glad to call these early November days Indian Summer. Wyoming never seems more beautiful to me than in the late Fall. If I pleased myself I should linger on and on, but that is dangerous in a house built for summer and with pipes where water loves to freeze.

The dreams resulting from Mrs. Ward's first winter visit to Wyoming, as referred to above, began rapidly to materialize in 1909. Indeed, that year marks the opening of a third and final phase in these chronicles: the phase of a radically reconstructed Hillside, and

of a far more varied and multitudinous life of which it was the center—a life less distinctively domestic than of old, and shared by a very much wider circle of persons outside the family.

From the time when she gave up her Chicago home, in 1907, Mrs. Ward's thoughts began to focus more and more closely upon Hillside as a permanent abode for herself and her mother. They both loved the place beyond any other, and Mrs. Avery's advanced years made it desirable if not absolutely necessary to discontinue the journeys to and from Wyoming each year. The decision was made, and the task of adapting Hillside to the requirements of a winter as well as a summer home—or rather, as it proved, the thorough reconstruction of Hillside, both inside and out—began in 1909, under the direction of Mrs. Ward's friend, Mr. Bryant Fleming. Never able to do anything by halves, she now plunged enthusiastically into a sea of projects for alteration and elaboration, from which she (and Hillside) did not fully emerge until several years later. The plain old summer dwelling was transformed into a handsome Colonial mansion; the barns and cottages were shifted to new locations, and

enlarged or rebuilt; terraces, gardens, a huge stonework "overlook," a formal wading-pool, greenhouses, and other esthetic or practical accessories, came into being.

These rather revolutionary activities, carried on in the face of a good many difficulties, did not always or fully commend themselves to the rest of the family. Mrs. Avery in particular, disturbed from a half-century of quiet existence in the ancestral home, found it difficult to accept the new order of change and upheaval. One of the few entries in her diaries which does not have to do with the coming and going of Hillside guests is this of June 21, 1909: "Many Italians and others at work on Hillside—destroying natural beauty in an effort to substitute that which seems extremely artificial." But even Mrs. Avery, though she never came to prefer the new beauty to the old, was willing to admit later on that Hillside had been made far more conveniently livable than before.

Mrs. Avery's ninety-second birthday, in October of 1909, was shortly preceded by an operation on her eyes that had restored something like normal vision after a long period of semi-blindness. Among the many birthday tributes which she received this year were the

two following—the first from one of her grandsons, the second from Mrs. Ward:

We are rejoicing more than we can say in the renewal of your eyesight, and Mother even prophesies improved hearing. That certainly makes a birthday worth having. I fear that with one or both of these handicaps removed, the rest of us must gird ourselves to get in training and then arrange to “spell” one another in order to keep pace with you at all. I hear that Mother in an idle moment is planning various lines of work that we hope will save her from the deterioration through inanition which has been threatening her for years. This spirit being abroad, I feel like warning you against entering upon too many undertakings. I think she has you in mind for manager of an Electro-Magnetic Specialties Company, but I advise strongly against this. I enter a strong plea also that you do not accept nomination for political office. Campaigns are very wearing, and in spite of convictions against spending money in political matters they are without exception expensive.

It seems to me that as special subscription agent for “The Commoner,” “The Public,” “The Free Trade Clarion,” and “The Wail of the Under Dog,” and as advance press agent for William Jennings Bryan, you have what activity you really need. Add to these the family duties you cannot escape,

such as clipping bureau to your relatives at large, and you are going to have little time for your golf and cross-country riding, particularly in these short winter days. So I say be moderate, and if you have any spare time on your hands just frivol.

O Mother darling, is it true
Another birthday's come to you—
Another day when we repeat
The tale of love, so long and sweet?

See, in the East the sky is blue,
The maples let the sunshine through,
The towering elm your window shades,
The grapes hang heavy in the glades.
Look to the West, where forests crown
The slopes of yellow, green, and brown;
The trees are decked for carnival—
The wondrous pageant of the Fall.

For fifty years your eyes have seen
The blessed summer's depth of green,
And autumn's yearly miracle,
On each beloved hill and dell.
Dear Wyoming, fond memories come
To hallow our beloved home;
And friends are swift to hail this day,
Remembered here and far away.
For think not that our mortal eyes
Define the circle—from the skies

They gather, and I must believe
Their love and honor you receive.

Upon this royal day of days
We beg you listen to our praise:
Strength and persistence in you meet;
Though firm as granite, you are sweet;
Gentle your judgments, low your voice,
But conscience loud in making choice.
Once friend, forever friend—but oh,
I fear once foe, forever foe!
Poor Laurence Laughlin, Roosevelt, Taft—
If they but knew you, they'd be daft!

A second winter-time visit to Wyoming is described in the first of the following quotations from Mrs. Ward's published writings of 1910, while the others record various thoughts, impressions, and experiences of this year:

March 2, 1910

"Please do not go to Wyoming before April."

"Do not stay five minutes in that cold house!"

"Wear your eider-down wrapper all the time you are in the country."

I might indefinitely multiply the advice and instructions I received. I did as I thought best, just as most of us do. The thing about advice that insures its welcome is that it does not have to be followed. The adviser's mind is relieved when

he has spoken; frequently he hastens to forget his admonitions.

I left Chicago on February 11, and stayed in Buffalo three days. Much of this time was spent in the office of Townsend and Fleming, studying Hillside plans, for I want to make some changes there this summer. I hope to rectify some past mistakes, and to fit the beloved old house to its colonial ideal—from which, alas! I myself have helped to divert it. There will doubtless be differences of opinion as to whether the changes are improvements. There are those differences in regard to what has already been done. Time alone can show whether the alterations are of value, and very likely they may be of none except from my own personal standpoint, which is largely that of the housekeeper.

On Tuesday, in the twilight, I stepped from the train at Pearl Creek—dear, beautiful, hospitable spot! Snow, snow everywhere! In the winter gloaming I drove through Maple Grove to the yellow house clinging close to Mother Earth, where homes belong, and carrying outside and in an atmosphere of friendliness that cannot be found in any new house. For life tells its story in walls and furniture, as well as in words. There is something inseparable from the old house that is absolutely lacking in the new one; it is “atmosphere,” the record of laughter and tears, of songs and dirges, of joy and sorrow. There is a spiritual as

truly as a physical atmosphere, and thoughts impregnate the air as surely as the breath of the lungs changes the physical atmosphere. But this is all a different story!

I made Pearl Creek my headquarters for ten delightful days. Of these I spent four, as well as two nights, at Hillside. Yes, it was cold, but we were well looked after; the hearths were piled high with wood, and stoves were kept busy reducing the supply. I never saw so much snow, it seems, and I neglected no experiences. I sank into deep drifts, whence friendly hands had to pull me out. Once I was overturned in a cutter, and discovered what a pleasant sensation it is to fall into a bed of dry white snow. Once I saved myself by stepping out into another dry soft bed. The main idea in building cutters seems to be to let one fall out of them comfortably.

Snow seemed to enjoy falling, and the wind had happy frolics covering up all signs of human life. Where there was a good road in the evening there was no sign of one next morning. I might have been forever lost and snowbound if I had depended on myself to plough through the fields of snow wherein Wyoming is bound. But fortunately I had experienced guides and fared well. The great wagon mounted on runners was brought out, and Mr. Brooks drove us through the "gulf"—not less beautiful in its winter than in its summer dress. It was a superb day, the air not too cold and the



VILLAGE HALL, WYOMING, N. Y.



THE "FIRE TOWER" AND PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH, WYOMING, N. Y.

sun shining through the trees and jewelling the hillsides. The brook sometimes broke its bounds of snow-covered ice and made pictures like those Thaulow loved to paint, with clear water washing through light-green snow-mantled ice.

Nuts and apples in the evening before the great sitting-room fire, sun and shade, cold and thaw, and much good visiting o' days—so flew time, as time will fly. I went for three or four days, and found ten too few. It was altogether one of the best times I ever had. But I must be careful about saying this, as I am getting the reputation of not discriminating and of always having the "best" time. Well, I would rather plead guilty to this fault than to its opposite.

April 4, 1910

This morning I felt anew the beauty of all this country. Spring, summer, Fall, winter—each has its own attractions, and one is no less beautiful than another, for each in its own way praises God. But I own to an especial fondness for the spring-time. The soft hues of the woods where sap begins to flow; the lovely green of wheat-fields; the drifts of snow, daily diminishing, in the hollows of the hills; the clear waters of brooks purling over stones; the gray lacework of locust trees close by; the budding yellows of their neighbor elms; the crimson of willows; the brilliant green of young grass; the masses of the bloodroot's white blos-

soms; the drooping adder's-tongue;—who shall name the thousand beauties of the country when it answers to the call of Spring?

The air is warm and still, as it has been during each one of the four days I have been here, and I know not how much longer. Fires in sitting-rooms would be uncomfortable. We sit with open doors, and the sun is almost too warm on the piazza to be comfortable. Rain is greatly needed; early this morning it began to fall, but soon stopped. Yet I think this is not the end, for just now when I went to the door a light mist was falling. I am sure the farmers are rejoicing.

The great house is in the hands of friendly workers, and will some time be more home-like than ever before—but not yet. I have my coign of vantage, and watch the hammers and planes with interest. What beautiful work carpentry is! No wonder our Lord chose it! The clean and wholesome wood is food for dreams as its finishing shows the grain and tells of years of growth in far-off forests. Not less wonderful is the work in iron, with its mystery of intersecting pipes and conduits, all wrought in the brain before hands touch the dark metal that plays so large a part in modern life.

April 13, 1910

The wiseacres were right, and it did turn cold. Where summer heat made a fire superfluous, winter cold made it a necessity, and much time

went to its stoking. The lonely snowdrifts upon the hillsides were companioned by a white company that hid everything green and brown beneath its tents. Water froze in the room next mine, and my heaviest cloak was scarce warm enough for comfort. But April and November treat snow and ice quite differently. With sap flowing everywhere and the breast of the earth warmed by inner fires, the white drift that lay inches deep was doomed to be short-lived. Warmth stole slowly but surely into the air. The greens appeared, bravely bright. The baby leaves on the apple trees are edged with brown, but their green is still hardy. They were a bit too bold, but their punishment is not severe. And oh, how lovely it is to feel the air suffused with warmth again! A torn-up house is most forlorn when shivering is added to its inevitable discomfort. I do not always relish climbing the hill to my three daily meals in the pleasant cottage at its top. But I arrive with an appetite. . . .

I left my writing to go to breakfast. It is a lovely morning, and the view from the cottage is as beautiful as many we go far to see in foreign lands. I thought when the cottage was moved that it would be a gainer in some respects but a loser as to outlook. The reverse is the case. The view is far more beautiful from the new location. It is even lovelier than from our "big house," and owing to height more extended.

I walked up the path to the spring to look closely at the apricot tree that lately transformed itself into a big bouquet. Three days ago it was a mass of white blossoms; but it was too ambitious, and now its white petals are touched with brown. I think the apple trees have not suffered. They are older and sturdier, and possibly may be counted among the wiseacres who do not venture out too soon.

June 1, 1910

I spent the daylight hours of Tuesday at Hill-side and then returned to Pearl Creek, glad of the blessed haven during the cold and rainy Wednesday that followed. Thursday I set up my Hill-side camp once more. Even the young apple-trees are a-bloom, winds sweep over the red-clover field in front of the house, the great blossoms of the horse-chestnuts crown the trees—earth is beautiful. I am at home once more, and glad to be here.

September 28, 1910

This has been an entirely different season from the one we planned. Until May was well advanced I had supposed we should be ready for regular living some time in July. Yet here it is late September, and we have neither kitchen, pantry, nor laundry, and until Friday we had no dining room. We ate in the library, cooked in the coat-room, and were without any other parlor than

the library outside meal hours. We had no cook either. Yet we have had a delightful summer, of a true camping-out order. As soon as we called it camping, the conditions became quite luxurious. We have not had as many guests as usual, yet last week there were twenty-one at table. One of the prettiest sights I have ever seen was the low table in the corner of the room with five charming children seated about it. It should have been pictured by a painter, with its circle of fair and dark happy little people. Indeed, we have had nothing but happiness all summer, and no one has heard disputes or crying.

December 7, 1910

How wonderfully beautiful the country is in its winter dress! From my window the white expanse is broken only by the gray locust and apple trees and the green pines. To the west and south, snow-drifts have obliterated the terraces, and stones are capped and shrubbery blanketed with white. It is beautiful, beautiful! "Do not stay," said my mother and my cousin, trying to make me leave before Thanksgiving. But I only promised to go when it should be uncomfortable here. Now the difficulty is to determine this "when." I am not uncomfortable even now. I love to sleep in an unwarmed room, wide open to the sky. I love the frosty air, the snow, the wind, the lovely days and not less lovely nights, and so I stay yet a little longer.

Why should I go when it is sweet to linger,
When singing hills and valleys bid me stay,
When the west wind is softened to a murmur,
And perfect night succeeds each perfect day?

Ah, other valleys may be just as lovely,
Heaven-kissing hills may elsewhere be as fair;
Somewhere such winds may softly stir the forests
Until their perfumed whispers fill the air.

But I who have not seen those other valleys,
Or lived upon their hills, or loved their skies—
I linger where Oatka threads with silver
The lovely vale that I call Paradise.

The death of William Sidney Avery occurred at Louisville on December 31, 1910; and on July 24 of the following year an older brother, George Capwell Avery, died while on a visit to France. Mrs. Ward sold her Chicago home in 1911. Late in that year she writes from Hillside to one of her children:

This afternoon I have been holding forth at the Susan Look Avery Club. There was a good meeting, and the women are very nice. . . . The house here begins to show what it will be, though you must not dream that things are completed. Far from it! The hall will not be furnished when you come, and neither will some of the rooms. The

furniture has been put around "hit or miss," for I have not had opportunity to assemble what I intend to use. . . . Here comes Lydia Davies, riding a charming hobby-horse her father has made for her. She is an enchanting child. The other day Teresa called her to wash her hands. She said: "No, I can't wash my hands. I am a working man, and they do not wash their hands." Once when I was teaching the children that Bible verse beginning "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good," Lydia said: "I want to say it." "Do," I replied; whereupon, looking straight at Mr. Ashbel Grattan Smith, my father's elderly cousin, she spoke gravely: "He hath showed thee, *old man*, what is good"! . . . I love this heavenly place more and more every year. And even the innumerable discouragements and mistakes do not dishearten me. I love it all in spite of them. But I mean to make everything as right as I can, and then forget the troubles that have gone to that making.

A few weeks after the date of this letter, one of the family's best-loved friends, Mrs. Otto Matz of Chicago, died at Hillside.

She loved this home of ours, and had lingered on with us while her daughter was abroad. The day before was Sunday and our little family, consisting of my mother, Miss Macdonald, Miss Rose, Mrs. Matz, and myself, had supper and spent the

evening in the breakfast-room. We had a delightful time, and both Mrs. Matz and I laughed until the tears ran down our cheeks as she recalled amusing incidents of the Chicago fire and told some stories of my unconventional doings which for many years have afforded more fun to my family than anything else I know. At last I said, "I cannot play any longer, I must work," and turned to my little typewriter. Very soon, still laughing, Mrs. Matz bade us good-night, and gaily left the room. None of us stayed up late that evening. The next morning I did not rise for breakfast. Mrs. Matz was usually the earliest, but as she did not appear Miss Macdonald went to call her. She had fallen asleep for the last time with her head resting on her hand, and her lovely face almost more beautiful than ever. Thus ended one of the most useful lives I have ever known—a life overflowing with love for all, and gladdest service to friend and stranger. Her memory is a blessed inheritance.

After a busy winter spent chiefly in Boston, New York, and Concord, with an occasional visit to Hillside, Mrs. Ward writes:

April 13, 1912

To go back to Wyoming, whither my thoughts are always flying and bringing back memories of the enchanting days and nights there. I had my

mother's room and Orion looked in every evening, glorious from his sky throne, glorious in the resplendence of his belt and sword. And early morning brought the waning moon, a shadow in silvery gold hanging in the southern sky. And through the nights the heavens were spangled with stars that shone and twinkled from their many April constellations. No words can tell the beauty of sky and earth, for the magic night casts its spell over hill, valley, and forest, and the mystery of the unknown and the unknowable are round about.

I have had a wonderful winter, full to the brim of interesting experiences; but among the memories they have left, none are dearer to my heart than the happy days and nights which I have spent at Hillside Farm.

Although interesting experiences and activities continued to fill the rest of this year and all of the year following, not much stands out in sufficiently strong relief from the general background to require mention here. By way of variety, if for no other reason, it may be worth while to include at this point a little skit (composed by the editor of this volume) on the gusto and energy with which Mrs. Ward engineered certain periodic rearrangements of furniture in the "big house" at this time—and indeed long after.

MOVING DAY

Now the long-awaited day
Dawns at last, all bright and gay—
Moving day is really here,
Let us greet it with a cheer;
This the day of all delights,
When we set the house to rights.
Come ye now, both one and all,
Young and old and large and small,
There is work for each to do—
Let us hurry breakfast through.
Up and at it, every one!
Hustle, bustle, jump, and run!
Search the attic all about,
Turn the roundhouse inside out,
Every closet's depths explore,
Yank the carpets off the floor,
Slide pianos down the stairs,
Carry tables, desks, and chairs.
Buzz around like busy bees,
Heap up sofas and settees,
Vases, pictures, statuettes,
Pianolas, cabinets,
Rugs and books and bric-a-brac,
Writing-desks and music-rack,
Baskets made in Tryon town,—
Take them up and bring them down;
Each must find its proper place,
Ere we slacken in our pace.

Let the bell for luncheon ring—
Who would pause for *such* a thing?
Who would leave a royal treat
Such as this is, just to eat?

Listen! What is that you say?
Mr. Swanson faints away?
What a pity he must stop!
Wipe his forehead with the mop,
Pour some water in his shoe—
That should serve to bring him to.

What a shame! This davenport
Seems an inch or so too short.
Hurry, Idof, take it back
To the roundhouse. Now we lack
Something for that alcove there—
Try a bedstead or a chair.
This old rug is *much* too blue—
Who is there to give it to?
Mother, run and get my Blick!
I must write a letter quick—
Place it here upon my knee,
While I stuff this old settee.
Where are all the Shaker chairs?
We shall need a hundred pairs.
This green lounge won't do at all—
Take it to the upper hall;
Bring a grand piano back—
Don't forget the music-rack.

Now who's *this* upon the floor?
Faithful Idof is no more!
How annoying, when he knew
We were not yet nearly through.
He was such a sturdy lad,
Carried anything. Too bad!

Oh, how bare that corner looks!
Let us pile it high with books.
Where will all these pictures go?
Every one must surely show.
Hold this ladder while I climb—
There, you caught me *just* in time!
Still, a little ten-foot fall
I should scarcely mind at all.
Now then, Willard, do not lag,
Run and bring my leather bag.
Tell the cook to move the range
Somewhere else—it needs a change.
What is that? The telephone?
Tell them quick there's no one home;
Not a moment can we spare.
Emma, come and comb my hair,
While I read some Stevenson—
Aren't we having *heaps* of fun!

O Miss Walker, will there be
Guests for dinner? Goodness me,
I must run and change my dress!
Well, you're glad to stop, I guess.

Moving day at last is done.
Weary toilers, one by one,
In the twilight steal away,
Limping, crawling, as they may.
Some, too weak to struggle more,
Sink exhausted on the floor;
Others gain the upper hall,
Bravely battling, ere they fall;
Some, the strongest, reach their beds,
Wrapping towels about their heads.
“Glory be!” moans everyone,
“Moving day at last is done.”

In a long private letter of June, 1912, to a person whom she had thought of employing as secretary, Mrs. Ward summarized her own work and her ideals for Hillside as follows:

I expected you to take your place as full member of a happy family circle, and to help me in a very tangled network of writing and sorting and organizing, much of which is of the most trivial kind. . . . I am interested in the human race, collectively and individually, but I am engaged in no large work of any kind. The most of it is detail on a narrow scale. For I have no great fortune to administer. I seldom see the time when I must not count the cost of things carefully. This is not because I have too little for a generous personal life, but simply because I spend or give away what I have

as fast as I get it. I love to give; it is not generosity on my part, because helping others gives me more pleasure than anything else. My gifts, though seldom large, are widely distributed and made with absolutely no observance of the rules that I find obtain with most people in their giving. I give many small 'sums to those I love or am interested in, but I do almost nothing of what I should call humanitarian work. . . . I always have the belief that, beneath all superficial appearances, whatever happens is for the best. This faith has been severely tested of late, but every day I said: "I may not see it now, but something good is sure to develop, something better than the dream." And so it will be, I am sure, in this vital matter of my home. I say to myself: "All will be right, and I will not despair of the most beautiful thing I can dream." "The fearless power of the Spirit goes before, and makes easy and prosperous the way!" . . With all I do, working day in and day out, there are no important results. What I do is of a kind that does not ripple the water. It is lost to sight, and if there results joy largely distributed I have to be content. This does finally result, thank God! My home has inspired many young lives, and I sometimes think I must let all other ambitions go and rest in that—the diffusion of a true understanding of what a home may be, not in a large conspicuous way but simply and quietly though inclusively.

A bereavement which, though she bore it with fortitude, struck deeply to Mrs. Ward's heart came in the death at Concord, Massachusetts, on October 12, 1912, of her oldest child, Mary Coonley Hollis. To the latter, no less fittingly than to their original subject, might be applied Wordsworth's familiar stanzas beginning "She was a phantom of delight," so aptly do they characterize not only the rare qualities of mind and heart that were hers but something of her personal appearance as well—

Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's too her dusky hair,
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn.

The passing of this vivid and brave and delicately whimsical spirit took from the life of Hillside an element that could never after be replaced.

But under whatever shadow of affliction, the old home was never transformed into an abode of despair and lamentations. The loss of loved ones brought a deeper sense of duty, a still broader ideal of service, to the living; while the purely superficial customs and usages of grief had little recognition beneath that

roof. A visit from John Burroughs, which had long been planned, was not postponed because of Mrs. Hollis's death. This visit is thus described by Mrs. Ward in a personal letter:

In October, 1912, I stood in the Rochester station waiting for the New York train that was to bring John Burroughs, our long desired and at last promised and expected visitor. With me was Mr. Francis F. Browne of Chicago, anxious to greet his friend of many years. Finally the train came in. Eagerly we scanned the faces and figures of scores of disembarking men, but our friend was not among them. At last, when we had given up hope and were about to leave, he appeared, quiet, unhurried, and serene. The mystery of his delay was soon solved. He had tarried to finish a chat with a fellow-traveller! In our joy at finding him all was forgiven, and we were soon speeding away into the country, where Mr. Burroughs again forgot everything except that he was with friends and among hills and valleys. Then followed days of happy intercourse, especially with his friend Mr. Browne. As they had walked many miles together in California, so they now walked many miles in the country around Wyoming, cherishing speech or silence as the spirit moved. We had another honored guest at Hillside then, the radiant and gifted Madeline



MRS. WARD AND MRS. AVERY
(From a photograph of about 1910)

Yale Wynne. She and Mr. Browne were quite as brilliant stars as Mr. Burroughs, but he was known to every one and they to only the few. Through village paper and pulpits the countryside was invited to spend an afternoon at Village Hall with our three delightful guests. The countryside responded in throngs, all especially eager to hear the silver speech that should issue from Mr. Burroughs's lips. But with the occasional perversity of even the most amiable, not a word would he say. At last, when perhaps half the audience had departed, some one asked a fortuitous question and Mr. Burroughs began to talk—began and continued. As he had not wished to talk at all before, with the strange inconsistency of genius he would do nothing but talk now. The delightful stream flowed on and on, till the coffers of memory were piled with treasure. "Please give us your great poem" said someone, and the author gave it, simply and accurately. But a little later we asked Mr. Browne to repeat it for us and Mr. Burroughs, and he did. "Serene I fold my hands and wait"—the fine full voice, thrilling with sympathy and deep poetic intuition, gave the beautiful lines again. It was by far the finer rendering. Mr. Burroughs knew this and acknowledged it, in his simple, kindly, and affectionate way.

"This past winter is the first I have ever spent in Wyoming, and it has been a wonder-

ful season of experiences.” Thus writes Mrs. Ward in the Hillside guest-book, early in 1913. Her family letters of this year are full of details about the work still going on there, the engaging of helpers for home and farm, the coming and going of interesting guests, and other like matters. In one letter she tells how she secured half a dozen much-needed laborers by casually accosting one of these on the train to Rochester; and also how she successfully applied to the president of the local railroad for a car-load of gravel to be used in constructing the wading-pool. In May of this year, while Mrs. Ward was returning from Batavia with Mr. and Mrs. John Stuart Coonley and Dr. Elroy M. Avery, the latter’s car in which they were driving skidded and over-turned near Hillside, resulting in a broken collar-bone for Mrs. Coonley and a severe shaking-up for the others. Though she made little of it, then and later, Mrs. Ward suffered for several years from the effects of this accident. “Looped the loop with E. McKendree in his dare-devil, death-defying feat”—thus runs Mr. Coonley’s contemporary guest-book entry. The summer following is devoid of outstanding happenings. Mrs. Avery’s ninety-sixth birthday was celebrated

in October by a large family gathering and reception at the Wyoming home, and with the usual commemorative offerings in prose and verse.

In January, 1914, Mr. Frank R. Benson and some other members of his English dramatic company came out from Rochester, where they had been playing, and spent two or three days at Hillside. "We had a really beautiful time with the five Benson players," Mrs. Ward wrote. "Some of them had never had a sleigh-ride until they came up from the station. We hired a large bob-sled and took them over to see the Brooks family at Pearl Creek. Later they discovered the toboggan Avery made, and with that and a small sled they had lots of fun coasting on our hills. Altogether the party was a great success." This event is incidentally connected with one of the most successful of many similar hoaxes perpetrated by the younger generation at Mrs. Ward's expense—or rather, for her edification, as no one enjoyed these efforts more thoroughly than she. The author in this case is Avery, who later sent a copy of his sally to one of the family, with this explanation of the attendant circumstances:

I believe you will be interested in a little game I played on Mother on her last birthday, which I happened to spend in Wyoming. I went down there for a couple of days, and in Attica I met Ben Brooks, who had been to Buffalo and was full of the Benson players. I spent several hours with him before reaching Wyoming, and most of our conversation was about these English Shakespearian players, in whom Mother has taken a very intense interest. They had recently visited Wyoming, and altogether the atmosphere was rather heavily loaded with Benson. When I arrived at Hillside and talked with Mary Crawford in the kitchen, I found that it was Mother's birthday; Mary was preparing a cake, and wanted me to see what I could do to help emphasize the occasion. You know how Mother is when she feels like herself: she has plans that roll one out of another in geometrical ratio. You probably know that the house is not only filled with bed-rooms but that the maids have had to be taken care of in the roundhouse. She has had the old dining-room and the kitchen made into a breakfast-room, and we have heard for some time of a proposed additional dining-room largely enclosed in glass. We have naturally discouraged this last enterprise, and hoped we had convinced her it should be dropped, but we found that she had only abandoned it until a more favorable time. It occurred to me that this growth in the house was a manifestation

of her mental attitude, which made me think of the Chambered Nautilus. So I took out a volume of Holmes's poems, and worked about three hours to make my ideas and the meter, etc., fit in together. Mary Brooks copied the result on the typewriter, together with a letter purporting to come from Mr. Benson. I handed the copies to Mother at the table that evening, after the cake was brought in. As I had just left Mr. Brooks, and he Mr. Benson, it was all so plausible that even my eloquently-expressed admiration of Mr. Benson's literary attainments as evidenced in the "poem" did not arouse her suspicions; and she never caught on until I wrote her later from Chicago and explained the whole thing. Here are the letter and the verses:

Buffalo, New York, January 29, 1914

My dear Mrs. Coonley Ward:

Learning from Mr. Brooks that the 31st is the anniversary of your birth, I trust I am not too daring in presuming to contribute the enclosed, with humblest apologies to one of your poets whom we greatly admire. Mr. Brooks kindly volunteers to see that it reaches you. With grateful recollections of your generous hospitality, I am

Yours very truly,

FRANK R. BENSON.

LINES ON A HOSPITABLE BIRTHDAY

This is a ship of verse, which now will fare
Forth on th' indignant air,
A venturous rhyme that flings
On January thirty-first its brazen wings
In "gulfs" enchanted where the siren sings,
'Cept when the yokel dare
Unloose his doggerel for want of verse more fair.

If one may undertake in serious wise
Now to philosophise,
And mark the course which tells
Where her expanding life has dwelt and dwells
For whom love from unnumbered hearts today
up-wells,
Could better symbol be
Than Chambered Nautilus which sails the un-
shadowed sea?

For, like this mollusk builder all unskilled,
Our thoughts we build,
'Tis then of Hillside true—
She's left her outgrown dwelling for the new,
Changed with deft skill this doorway and that flue,
Added another floor,
In place of thirty rooms made sixty-four.

But, Heavens! what of the future that I see
Borne by this thought from thee
Upon my sense aghast!

There issues forth a dining-room more vast
Than ever mortal hitherto englassed—
While in my ear there rings:
“These dining-rooms we have are meagre things.”

Build we more stately mansions on this hill,
And with more bed-rooms still?
Will each new building, craftier than the last,
Yield hostelry for yet a crowd more vast,
Till they shall claim the farm-lands of the past,
And we at length are fain
To pass oatmeal in buckets from the train?

I leave the future to a subtler pen,
And join the glad Amen
Which, as it ever grows,
Peals louder praises of this home from those
Who share the love which from its wide hearth
glows,
And love her ever more
Who built its hearth and opened wide its door.

Beginning about this time and continuing for a year or more, Mrs. Ward contributed to the “Chicago Daily News” a series of letters descriptive, for the most part, of Hillside scenes and experiences. The following selections from this source belong to the late winter and early Spring of 1914:

WINTER IN THE COUNTRY

Did you ever spend a winter in the country, far from city inconveniences and isolated like this spot from which I write? Only look down the valley and off to the hills, and see the deep snow that fell days, yes weeks ago, still dazzling in its whiteness. Look at the great elm, with its splendid branches that seem to reach the zenith. See the birds' deserted nests here and there, especially that one oriole's home swinging aloft. Today is a white and gray day, for the barometer is running down to China, wind is blowing, snow is flying. How surpassingly beautiful it all is!

See that group of pines, lovely against the white hill. I set them out myself long ago, and when they were still tiny things I found one day a mischievous son in sentimental attitude pretending to lean against a pigmy sapling absorbed in reading poetry. How those boys did—and do—love to joke their mother! One summer we arrived to find that our prosaic farmer had cut off all the lower branches because they held the snow in winter. Alas! that was to us an added reason for their being left.

Today is white and gray, but yesterday was blue, green, and purple. The sun jewelled the snow and gave us fairyland. Week-days here are quieter than any Sunday in the city. I have just come in from the great columned porch—*there* is a

place to go for pure air and ozone galore! Do you pity us here, snowed-in on a hillside? Save your sympathy! We have had a wonderful winter. February did not bring us one bad day. The papers reported storms and devastation east and west, but for us the sun shone and the snow fell as if to order.

Shall I tell you something of the gay happenings here? It were better if you would come and see for yourself how jolly and cozy we are. Bring your fur coat and we will provide toboggans and skis and snowshoes, and you shall explore our joyous vicinity. Two weeks ago we had a house-party, and this was voted an ideal place for winter sports, equal to any Aladdin himself could have devised. Our grown-ups were as gay as children. They donned sweaters, arctics, moccasins, scarfs, caps, snowshoes, and off they hied to the hills. I watched one day when a loaded toboggan came rushing over a Swiss precipice (one of our own!) and as it shot down there was neither form nor substance to be seen—just a cloud of whirling snow. But the sounds were of laughter and joy.

Do you know how nice it is to have breakfast at nine and dinner at four? It gives us such a fine long evening. Now if only my dear mother were a bit frivolous, we should have nothing left to ask for. But will she listen to those enchanting "Letters of a Woman Homesteader"? Not a bit

of it! My mother calls herself an optimist, but she thinks this country is in a bad way. She says she can count on the fingers of one hand the strictly honest men in the United States. "Let us begin," I tell her. "Of course there are your four grandsons, who are my sons. You count them?" Silence! But nevertheless I count them, for she does believe in them, only their progressiveness (in the technical sense, of course) is a bitter pill to us both. "What about Will Davies?" "Ah, Will urged me never again to quote those words of Lincoln's!" "What words, Mother?" I know that question is enough. She waits a moment, and then in the voice of import we all recognize—what I call her religious voice—deep and resonant, she speaks her gospel. "President Lincoln wrote to a friend: 'Yes, we may congratulate ourselves that this cruel war is nearing its close. But I see in the near future a crisis approaching which unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption in high places will follow. The money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working on the prejudices of the people until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the Republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of war. God grant that my fears may be groundless!'" Now Will thinks

Lincoln never said that, but when I was in Evansville I myself found it in the Library there, on pages 309 and 310 of Barrett's Life of Lincoln. It was omitted from later editions—a significant fact. The prophecy is being fulfilled.” Dear Mother! Life is serious to her, and she wants to work incessantly that every hour may count. She will soon be ninety-seven years old. She is blind and very deaf, yet she came to the table the other day saying: “We used to say that Time flies, but now it simply vanishes!” The days are full of interest to this wonderful woman whose life will soon span a century, and that interest is not in the least personal—it is for the world which she longs to help. She is a dauntless reformer, and her courage and buoyancy are marvellous. Some time ago, within a half-hour after an operation which she had for cataract, the doctor asked: “Are you comfortable?” “Perfectly,” was the reply. “Is there anything you would like?” “Yes, I want someone to read me the morning news!”

SNOW IN THE COUNTRY

We are four women in a big house on a hillside in the fruit belt of western New York, and we love our ancestral home in its every aspect. Until these first two winters I ever spent in the country, I had no idea how lovely it could be. But we would not choose frequent storms!

The particular storm that, lion-like, ushered in our March came with due warning. The barometer began to fall on Saturday, and on Sunday morning it was still pursuing its downward course. The wind gained in force as the day wore on, until in the afternoon all our west rooms were cold. Snow fell, rather quietly at first, then more and more heavily. When evening came, wind and snow seemed to be racing and struggling furiously for mastery. Even with windows tight shut the curtains blew about and the wind circled round our beds uncannily.

On Monday morning the blizzard was still raging, and the house was a curiosity. One of the breakfast-room radiators had burst, scattering its debris far and wide. Snow had penetrated every window and door, though all were fast locked. The wind was impartial, driving in the snow on all four sides of our house. The west end of the main hall was covered for a space of eleven feet from the doors, though the latter are protected by a wide covered porch. Then rugs were laid against the doors and several inches up, but the wind still forced the snow in, over the rugs and floor. It was absolutely incorrigible, even entering around the panes of glass, defying putty!

Still the snow fell and the wind blew. The great stone wall was soon hidden; distant woods vanished; fruit trees stood knee-deep in drifts; terraces were obliterated. The drifts on our north

terrace measured seven feet in depth; the front piazza became a snow mountain; vines became a network of white lace. And we went on carrying out snow—three pailfuls from one bedroom. Comfortable? Well, not exactly, but all too wonderfully beautiful for words. “White as the driven snow” took on a new meaning for us. From time to time I explored the house, always finding something of new interest. It made little difference that we stuffed the cracks in doors and windows with cloth; the elements would not be cheated of their prey. Last week there were the loveliest chains of icicles on vines and trellises; now the patterns are all of snow. Window sills are banked high with snow, even where protected under roofs.

There was something wonderfully exhilarating in being part of such an elemental pageant. I felt almost sorry to wake on Tuesday morning to sunshine and milder air.

WHEN APPLE TREES BLOOM

Come to Wyoming, for the apple orchards are in bloom! Step out on my south piazza and you can see the garden—a semicircle like a half wheel, with two trees on a baby hill for the hub; and beyond—oh, I never can describe that lovely tree-clad hill! Bryant says there never was such a setting for a garden! Step down to the stone terrace and you will see the pool. It is only eighteen

inches deep, but my biggest grandchildren dive in it. That seems impossible, but they do. One's own grandchildren do many things that seem impossible to other people's grandchildren.

You cannot see the rock garden from here, but it is just a little baby rockery and will be more interesting later. Come down these easy stairs and let us walk in the garden. It is the cool of the morning, though the sun is well up—he rises early in May. The family is asleep, and Sunday quiet reigns. At each end of the pool is a level of grass, then a wide gravel walk, and then the semicircle of the flower garden. At first I did not want these little grass walks between the beds, for I feared the look of a formal garden, and everything formal is out of place in Wyoming. But now I see that the plants and shrubs will half hide the paths wherein we can walk and pick the flowers that will soon load the bushes.

Come down the second flight of stairs and walk through the lower garden, where flowers and vegetables love to grow together. This garden is arched with grapevines, and some day there will be purple beauty and luscious sweetness here. How nice it is to have the gravel path at last! After all, these things that are born like Minerva are not half as charming as those we watch developing. Why should we want to plant a full-grown tree when baby trees are so lovely and grow so fast?

Look over the edge of this bank and you will see my green parlor—the prettiest flat semicircle you can dream of. Things go easily into circles and half-circles here. Some day there will be chairs for the elect in this green parlor, and a screen of shrubs to hide it from the road and easy steps down the slope for entrance. But just now you need imagination to see that it is a parlor at all and a perfectly lovely one, looking down into the gulf road and across a darling little bridge and right and left into the orchards. Do not linger, for we are on the way to Paradise Path. Here, over the top of the hill, are maple trees with leaves³ almost full fledged, and between them is an oak, its tiny gray leaves pinker at their edges than the apple blossoms, and see how they hug their little green tassels and fringe and look down into the flat over the heads of the orchard trees. Climb a few steps and see, only see, the apple trees—a great procession marching up the hill—each one a big bouquet. Talk of orange blossoms and bridal wreaths! Not for a moment can an orange compare with an apple tree for beauty! A few steps more and we are in Paradise Path, and can touch the apple blossoms. Looking at them from the garden they are white, but here we get the exquisite pink of buds that crowd against great clusters of white flowers set in frames of sage-green leaves. We certainly shall have an apple crop this year! We had twenty-five barrels from three trees in

another orchard two years ago, but this orchard is not commercially valuable. The spraying and harvesting on the steep hillside take all the profits. But oh, what dividends of joy it yields! What assets of memories!

Come! Our path runs near the brow of the hill, and we can walk under the lilac bushes that begin to show their purple plumes. Here the trees above reach down over the path, make an arbor for us and strew our way with white petals. A little farther on and we walk beneath a very Titan of a tree, with great gray bole and wondrous branches. Oh, the fragrance! I almost think it must blow across the lake to Chicago! At every step the view changes, but always there are apple trees. Slowly walking on and on, we come to the end of Paradise Path, and here the fallen petals are so thick that they almost hide the brown earth that holds them. And there, higher up, is the spring, grandfather's spring. We will not go there now. I suppose that even when we get to heaven we may not hurry to the great white throne, but rather linger in Paradise Path as I linger now.

Looking down is quite different from looking up at an orchard. From below you get the great masses of bloom, reaching down and almost throwing themselves at you. From above they are held aloof and you see the marvelous contour of the trees—the smooth gray trunks and shining limbs, the angles and the curves. Almost always it is



HILLSIDE IN LATER DAYS — WEST VIEW
(From a photograph of about 1920)

better to look up than to look down, but that is not true when you look into an apple orchard.

The apple tree is white with bloom;
Through spring air filters soft perfume;
And shadows lie in drifts of pink.
O thirsty soul, come here to drink.

Come, to your weary lips lift up
A draught that brims in memory's cup,
Fragrant with years when, all abloom,
This tree for children's play made room.

It roofed with pink their happy hearts,
And through white rifts sent sunbeam darts;
They had no thought beyond their glee
When sporting 'neath the apple tree.

Alas! My steps have wandered far
From apple bloom and childhood's star;
I had well-nigh forgot the day
That canopied with flowers my play.

But years may pass and bring regret,
Sad thoughts may start the tears, and yet
My childhood heart returns to me
When blossoms forth the apple tree.

The summer of 1914 is notable in Hillside history because of the first "Wyoming Summer School." This year, and during two later sessions in 1916 and 1917, the summer school

virtually eclipsed all other interests and activities at Hillside while it was in progress. How this enterprise came into being has been thus briefly told by Mrs. Ward:

In 1914 I decided that my Kentucky grandchildren should be taught to dance as gracefully as did my Chicago grandchildren, so I engaged a teacher from the Hinman School of Dancing in Chicago to come to Wyoming for a month and give them lessons. Then I thought that this teacher might well include the village children, and the village grown-ups also, in her classes. While Mr. Charles Keeler and his family were spending the Easter vacation at Hillside, I said to Mr. Keeler: "I wish you would spend the summer here with me and your children, and give talks on poetry and art and travel to our villagers." In that simple way began Mr. Keeler's work as director of our still unthought-of summer school. Then I went to the Drama League convention at Philadelphia, and from there to Washington. In the latter city I saw Miss Anne George, the first student from this country to study the Montessori kindergarten system at its source in Rome. "What are you going to do this summer?" I asked her, and she replied: "I do not know." "Why not spend the vacation with me, and teach Montessori to our little village children?" "I will," she said. Then I arranged with her assistant, Miss Fletcher, to

come also. Later I talked with an old friend, Dr. Chester Gilbert, of the Smithsonian Institution, and told him of the lectures and teaching we were to have in Wyoming. He said: "This will be a Summer School, and you must have a geologist." He told me of Dr. Joseph Pogue, and put me into communication with him. Thus the faculty grew. My proposal in each case was this: "If you will teach for me three days a week for five weeks, I will entertain you at Hillside for that period and pay your travelling expenses." This proved entirely satisfactory, and every member of my 1914 faculty was ready to return on the same terms in 1915. Almost from the beginning I had two chief aims—one to perform a valuable service to the community, the other to provide a happy and restful summer vacation to teachers. The school fee was very small, but resulted in covering all the school and travelling expenses—though not, of course, my entertainment of the faculty, as I had a family of from thirty-five to fifty during the five weeks of the school.

The following excerpt from a "Reporter" article, published soon after the school's opening, gives perhaps as good an idea as any of the principal activities:

The Wyoming Summer School has become an established fact. During the first week there have been assembled nearly one hundred people, and

much enthusiasm is shown by those who have heard the various lectures and have attended the classes. Mr. Keeler's lectures on art and life are most interesting and inspiring. Miss George is clearing up for many people the perplexing questions which arise in regard to the Montessori system. The Montessori class itself, under Miss George and her assistant Miss Fletcher, is showing fine results, and the boys and girls in the children's classes are having such a good time that they wish school kept every day. Dr. Pogue is giving very interesting talks on geology in his classes for adults and young people, and his field excursions will be valuable. Miss Gertrude Hayden is demonstrating the valuable and useful things in cooking that she has learned in her university course. Mrs. Frank Hayden has an enthusiastic class of boys and girls in basketry and bead work. Mr. Henry Kiefer is working on the production of the play, and daily rehearsals are being held. Mr. Mark Bradley has started with about twelve children in bird painting, and is teaching them much about birds at the same time. Mr. Karl Buehr's sketching class is larger each time, and the landscape is becoming fairly dotted with stools and easels. In the library, too, Mrs. Buehr and Miss Rosel Rudd are busy with a large class in design and flower painting. The two teachers of dancing, Miss Mabel Pearse and Miss Helen Burton, must be gratified by the enthusi-

asm shown in their classes, and the dances and games they are teaching are so delightful that visitors are begging to be allowed to come. In addition to the regular school courses, there are to be five interesting and profitable evening entertainments given by Mr. J. W. Bengough, the well-known Canadian cartoonist. Mr. Keeler is to give three special entertainments during the season.

After the school was well under way, one of its most popular features was added in the form of children's and adults' classes in choral singing, conducted by Mr. Harry Barnhart of Rochester, who has since achieved fame as a director of community singing in New York and other cities. As a result of these classes, a singing society was formed in Wyoming which continued for some time under Mr. Barnhart's leadership.

Among the closing events of this first Wyoming Summer School, in August, were a song recital in Village Hall by Miss Malvina Shanklin, assisted by the Misses Gillette of LeRoy, pianists; a lecture on Rolland's "Jean Christophe" by Dr. Benedict Papot of Cornell University; and the performance at Hillside of an Indian play, "Unto the Great Spirit," written for the occasion by Mr. Charles Keeler. This play, based on historical and

legendary associations of the Genesee and Wyoming valleys in 1760, was acted by Mr. Henry Kiefer and a supporting company of some fifty persons, nearly all residents of the village. The properties used were borrowed from the "Six Nations Indian Exhibit" at Holley, New York. One of those who witnessed the performance has thus described it:

The evening, so well worth waiting for, was clear and cool, the star-lit sky most kindly. A large and enthusiastic audience filled the chairs, which were so placed on the slope in front of the house as to face a level space that, dotted by trees and backed by the Wyoming hills, formed the stage. By an ingenious lighting arrangement, particularly of footlights threading the grass, the finest possible effect was secured. The setting of the play was more than picturesque, it was pictorial. An exact reproduction of an Indian lodge, the famous "Long House" of the Senecas, occupied the center rear, while in front and a little to one side of the lodge blazed the village camp-fire. Groups of dusky men, women and children, wearing tunics of deerskin, mantles of scarlet cloth, with fox-pelts over their shoulders, feathers bristling about their heads, moccasins on their feet, chains of beads around their necks and across their foreheads, lingered among the trees at the side, or emerged and came slowly toward the camp-fire,

beating drums and singing their weird barbaric songs. Even in the triumphal music of all primitive peoples moans an undertone of melancholy, and this was excellently brought out in the rendering of the festal chorus, no less than in the savagery of the war-dance and the dirge for the dead. . . . Listening, we heard it echoed and re-echoed from hill to hill, in the far distance.

The summer school over, life at Hillside resumed its usual active and interesting yet for the most part uneventful course until early in the following year, when Mrs. Avery's death severed the strongest tangible link in a long chain that bound this home to its earliest beginnings and associations. Her ninety-seventh birthday had been quietly celebrated in October, and though she had of course failed greatly in physical strength there was until the last but little abatement of the remarkable mental vigor that always characterized her. The end came peacefully on February 1, 1915. This tribute to her mother from Mrs. Ward's pen is reprinted from the "Chicago Daily News":

To have covered between birth and death a span of years that included the administrations of all but four Presidents of the United States would lend interest to any life, however empty otherwise.

But when to this distinction is added the honor of having filled all those years with active endeavor in every democratic cause, of friendship with many of the great pioneer workers in American public life, of personal intercourse with hundreds to whom that intercourse was a constant inspiration to higher and more useful living,—then such a life becomes one to be honored and cherished; it takes its place with all noble humanity of the past.

Susan Look Avery was a devoted mother and housekeeper, living very quietly until her six children were old enough not to require her constant care. Then she began to interest herself in public questions. Louisville's first suffrage meeting was held in the parlors of her home, with Lucy Stone as her guest. She espoused one cause after another, no matter how unpopular. The range of her interests was well summarized by a long-time friend, in introducing her as speaker at a banquet of the Single Tax conference in Chicago three years ago, when she was in her ninety-fifth year. He said:

This woman is of the blood of old New England, democratic New England. In her early life she went to Kentucky, democratic Kentucky. She was a democrat then, even as she is a democrat now. And she was then as now one of those democrats in principle who recognized democracy in the concrete, no matter how disguised. In that democratic state of Kentucky which was then nevertheless a slave state, this woman's democracy made her an abolitionist before the Civil War. She became a woman suffragist, also because she was a

democrat, when there were no others in Kentucky; and she is a woman suffragist today, not because she is a woman but because she is a democrat. She was once a democratic Republican; now she is a democratic Democrat. She was always a free trader, and that too because she believed in democracy. Her democratic principles, and her acuteness in distinguishing democracy from its opposite, made her a Greenbacker, then a Populist, then later a Bryan Democrat. This is the reason also that she is a Single Taxer. Beneath the surface of what to some may seem like a new tax reform, she sees the bearing of the Single Tax upon the social question, and she recognizes its inherent democracy.

During late years Mrs. Avery's correspondence was voluminous and largely concerned with the reforms in which she was most interested. But her greatest influence was in personal intercourse. To make the world better was the passion of her life, and this passion grew in intensity as her physical powers waned. Her chief concern was that people should think clearly and honestly. Views in opposition to her own never disturbed her; she was as serene and sweet with opponents as with sympathizers. She had faith that in time if not immediately her opinions would be vindicated. Hypocrisy and dishonesty she could not forgive, though tolerant of lesser faults. Like many others steeped in the spirit of reform, she often seemed to place more emphasis on the ills in public life than on the good, but this was only because her sense of right and justice was too acute

for patience with compromise and shams. "If a thing is right, God will see that it is expedient," she often said. Few visitors ever left her without bearing away tracts, leaflets, and extracts from her writings. She was a lover of aphorisms. The three that oftenest appealed to her were these: "It is bad for the ignorant and the vicious to do ill, but it is worse for the educated and the honest to do nothing." "The strongest force in human affairs is inertia." "It is more difficult and more meritorious to win men from their prejudices than to civilize barbarians."

Mrs. Avery's personality was wonderfully enhanced by her beautiful appearance. Tall, erect, stately, her sweet dignity accorded with her noble thoughts, and though white-haired she seemed a part of eternal youth. In later years she rose above one physical obstacle after another. No limitation ever bound her, or interfered with her intense interest in human life and affairs. Her steadfastness to ideals never faltered; her love of humanity never palled; her hand of service never grew weary. The constant habit of living outward from herself was the secret of her wonderful vitality, and of the almost incredible cheerfulness with which she bore the blindness and deafness of her later years. Notwithstanding these afflictions, she would gladly have lived on indefinitely; yet when the inevitable summons came, and the life-forces began to ebb, she set herself to die as

wonderfully as she had lived. On the first day of February, 1915, in the dearly-loved home of her parents at Wyoming, New York, where she was among the second of five generations to live beneath that ancestral roof, she “ceased upon the midnight, with no pain.”

Mrs. Ward's family letters during the first half of 1915 are brimming over with details of developments at Wyoming and of plans for the future. She has bought the Lang place close to Hillside, now Mr. Bryant Fleming's home, and is remodelling not only this but “Periwinkle Cottage” in the Gulf Road and “Hall Cottage” in the village. She is negotiating for the adjacent Howes property, known later under her ownership as “Capitano” and now as “Ten Acres.” She is anxious to buy (as indeed she did later) the old Academy building in the village, in order to save it as a local landmark. She is adding new land, new stock, new machinery to the now extensive farm equipment. She is enthusiastic about helpers just engaged, and cheerful in the loss of others just leaving. She wants to take her children and grandchildren *en masse*, with a few selected friends, to California for the San Francisco exposition — “the Kelloggs give us a wholesale invitation

to live on their ranch, where they will put up as many cabins as desired, this being a simple and inexpensive matter as no provision is needed for rain. We are not even to take umbrellas!" She is arranging lectures for the village, and engineering a birthday party for the local centenarian. All this, and much else besides, makes up the teeming burden of her correspondence at this time. And through it runs the never-failing undercurrent of her love for Hillside, and her desire to share its advantages with others to the fullest possible extent. "Oh, the good times we have here! There is an atmosphere in the house and out-of-doors of freedom and joy that speaks to my heart and to the hearts of others. There is refreshment as well as beauty here. All who come seem to feel it. . . . I love to gather about me as much of the world as I can reach, as much as gathers naturally."

But family correspondence was not the only outlet for Mrs. Ward's pen during this exuberant period—as a considerable sheaf of her "Chicago Daily News" letters, written and published in the Spring and early summer of 1915, bears witness. Of these letters, the two following are typical specimens:

TREASURES OF THE HAIL

There never was prettier latticing than that on my piazza. Its great central openings are bordered with little square unglazed windows and at one corner is a latticed gate leading to the platform of the charming spiral stairway that curves outside and clings to the great square corner pillars in a most entrancing way, a miracle of grace and strength. The platform uses three of its four sides, for between gate and stairway are steps leading down to the overlook, while the fourth side, being a window, has perhaps the most poetic use of all. There was no sign of a storm when I stretched myself on the comfortable couch, but the quiet was not for long. The sun vanished and a mass of black clouds swept into the west.

“Come in!” cried Virginia. “We cannot stay here.” So, just having well settled ourselves, we hurried to unsettle, turned the couch against the wall and left our dear piazza. We were none too expeditious. Darkness fell almost as if it were night, thunder added its diapason to the symphonic march of the wind over the hills and through the forests, and lightning cleft a dazzling passage down the black skies. Soon the march changed to a wild revelry in the caverns of the elements, and then in very fact the windows of heaven were opened and torrents descended, driven in silver chariots across the green hills.

A moment more and the air was filled with a loud new note in the tremendous fugue that followed the march.

A note—no, thousands upon thousands of notes—metallic, ringing, clashing upon each other and rebounding as they struck the earth. This was the summit, the orchestral climax of the wild, furious orgy of the storm king. Drums, viols, flutes, cymbals and, for the grand finale, hailstones drowned the lesser instruments of this stupendous orchestra.

Oh, those miracle stones—the jewels of meteorites and aërolites, coming to whet our fancy and arouse our wonder! Large as chestnuts—larger than robins' eggs—the heart of each was a soft white snow ghost, incased in an ice crystal, round and shining, or fluted into flower shapes, and sometimes miniaturizing fairy hills and vales. But whatever the outer shape, this phantom crystal showed always a heart of snow. Born among the mysterious ethers that envelop our earth, was it first water that passed through a snow stratum and gathered there precious crystals to form from their myriad angles this exquisite vision, this white temple of dazzling beauty?

And the temple built, what guardian angel carried it, without crushing the tiniest point of the daintiest minaret, into a mine of ice where the transparent casket was fashioned, to protect without concealing its jewel of the snows? What fairy

tools could mold and model thus? What artist could conceive—what architect could build such palace, such temple or such shrine, to ravish us with its supernal beauty and then to vanish into the ether's unknown spaces? Who can tell? We may turn to the Bible and let the prophet speak:

“Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow, or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail? By what way is the light parted which scattereth the east wind upon the earth? Who hath divided a water course for the overflowing of waters, or a way for the lightning of thunder; to cause it to rain on the earth where no man is, on the wilderness wherein there is no man, to satisfy the desolate and waste ground, and to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth? Hath the rain a father? or who hath begotten the drops of dew? Out of whose womb came the ice? and the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gathered it? Who hath bound the waters in a garment? What is his name if thou canst tell?”

THE HEAVEN KISSING HILL

We have had two days and a night of rain—not the unsatisfactory kind that came last week, with thunder, lightning and fast rushing sheets of water that wet things, to be sure, but ran off and did not sink into the ground—just tore up gravel walks, beat down flowers, and vanished. No, this rain

was what the historic deacon prayed for—"a good old fashioned drizzle-drozzle." That is the blessed variety we have now had, slow and steady, with humid shadows and hills shut out by silver fog. And now it is the first July afternoon and the sun shines and the beauty of woods and fields passes description.

The heaven kissing hill, lately plowed and sown, is veiling its brown curves in green velvet. A stately young tree, splendid in strength and symmetry, stands not far from the gently rounded arch that lifts itself into the highest sky. Looking more closely at this beautiful hill, exquisite undulations creep into its sweeping lines. From behind a nearer hill rise the tops of evergreens and maples to border its base, and on the long slopes east and west occasionally appear the graceful outlines of other trees growing in other curving vales.

It was Virgil himself in a far distant land and under ancient skies who named the "heaven kissing hill." He looked down the coming centuries and all his learning and his wisdom were distilled into this expression of utmost beauty. Mountains are grand and cleave their way into the firmament crowned by eternal snows. Volcanoes rend the skies with the detonations of their eruptions. Sierras stretch their lingering way through western vistas. The immortal scholar passed them all by and loved best the gentle outline of our heaven kissing hill. Blessings on him for his



THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE AND "BUTTERFLY GARDEN"



THE OLD SPRING

prophetic vision, and blessings on his scholar-follower, who saw what he saw and gave to us fresh from his well of learning this draft of perennial inspiration and poetic phrase to christen for all the years to come our one and only heaven kissing hill.

In late March of this year, Hillside was the scene of a quiet wedding, in which the principals were Mr. Benedict Brooks, a life-long family friend and neighbor, and Miss Sophie Macdonald, one of the faithful companions of Mrs. Avery's last years. The only witnesses to this ceremony were Mrs. Ward and Miss Rose Briggs, the latter also a member of the Hillside household and Mrs. Avery's companion through two decades or more. Toward the end of July, Mrs. Ward left for California, where she remained during the rest of 1915 and part of the following year.

A casual glance through the Hillside guest-books for the period from 1911 to 1915 reveals the names of many interesting and distinguished visitors, among them (in addition to those already mentioned in the records of this period) Joseph Fels, Susan B. Anthony, Anna Howard Shaw, Grace Ellery Channing-Stetson, Booker T. Washington, Claude Bragdon,

Ivan G. Olinsky, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Rosika Schwimmer, Mrs. Havelock Ellis, George Fowlds, Henry S. Hubbell, Henry O. Tanner, Harrington Mann, Colin Campbell Cooper, and Andrew D. White.

In a joint letter to her four sons, written from California in March, 1916, Mrs. Ward dwells at some length upon the family associations with Wyoming and upon plans which she has long had in mind for the further cultural development of that village—in particular, her desire to create a memorial art gallery there. “I wish to tell you as definitely as possible,” she writes, “why I think Wyoming rather than Chicago the place for my pictures and other art treasures.”

The effect my collections would have on Wyoming is indicated by the favor the Hall has won, and by the distinctly valuable educational work of the Library. . . . Your father was more closely associated with Chicago, but he loved Wyoming too. It was there I received the letter asking me to marry him. It was there that he came for his first visit to me, and where before our marriage we were together far more than in any other place—and we were engaged for more than four years. Wyoming was the home of your Great-grand-

father and Great-grandmother Look, and more deeply loved by them than any other of their homes in Virginia, New England, or New York. It was also more loved by your Grandfather and Grandmother Avery than any other home, and it is most intimately associated with the last years of your remarkable grandmother's life.

I have long felt, and have sometimes said, that to Wyoming largely belongs the credit for making my children the good citizens that they began to be in childhood. I think its effect on you four boys has been very noticeable. There you learned democracy; there you enjoyed outdoor life; there your fondness for horses began, and had space and opportunity for growth. There from your boyhood you have had a free, simple, lovely life, and even though you may not agree with me I shall still be sure that very much of what you are that is commendable and fine you owe to Wyoming. Moreover, there you are all far more beloved than you realize. . . .

If I build a memorial art gallery in Wyoming, it will not at first interest the people as much as if the money were expended in some other way. I remember that when I was planning a reading-room in the Library I was told that I did not understand village people, and that it would never be used. Yet it came immediately into constant use, and has been a factor for good from the first day of its existence.

It is now many years since I first thought of our duties in connection with the people of Wyoming. I have been spending summers there since I was a little girl in short dresses. We always had interesting guests, whom we greatly enjoyed. After many years, during which I had no thought of the duty of sharing pleasures and privileges, I began to see that it was wrong for us to enjoy the visits of distinguished people and the village have no part therein. The duty of sharing being more and more borne in upon me, I sought for an unobtrusive way in which the result could be accomplished. At last I thought that if we had a public library our guests could be depended upon to help it, in the way of public entertainments. . . . Then began a definite, earnest, long-continued effort to raise money for the Library. Professor Ward once said that I wrote to everyone who had ever passed through Wyoming on the train. It was thus that Mr. Bartholomew became interested in the village. I think I raised more than \$1200, and myself gave about as much. This Library is one of the most satisfactory things I have ever done. It is of great value to the village.

I think the money I gave for the Library, Village Hall, and grounds was a fine investment for the people. If I can carry out my present plans and combine the Library with the Hall, making the latter a village home, open day and evening, its usefulness will be greatly extended. I want to

arrange the basement also, to include club-rooms, an eating-room, a bazaar for the sale of village-made goods, and class-rooms for metal work, pottery, weaving, etc. . . .

There are many reasons for having an art gallery in Wyoming. Since the Library and Hall were established, there has been decided gain in the quality of the village life. Better taste has developed, and a more intelligent appreciation of art, music, and literature. Moreover, Wyoming is physically much more of a center than it has hitherto been. The State road passes through it, and automobiles connect it with the outside world in a manner essentially new. A gallery would attract many visitors. . . . A good Inn, following the simple English style, is a pressing need. More and more city people are seeking the country for short periods of rest, and a pleasant, quiet Inn would surely draw them to this village—even from New York. . . .

As I think over this letter, I can almost hear you say: "Is this the end? If we sanction these things, will she go on to others?" That, of course, I cannot tell; but I can see now only two or three village needs besides those of which I have written. They are moving pictures, an organ for the Hall, and an outdoor gymnasium in the Hall grounds. . . .

I do not know how convincing what I have written will be to my sons, but I hope and believe that the reading of this letter will make them

realize that my desires and plans for Wyoming have a broader and better foundation than they have hitherto understood.

Wyoming now has an excellent Village Inn, and moving-picture apparatus was added to the Hall equipment a few months after the above letter was written. But the other plans spoken of here never came to consummation.

Leaving California late in April, 1916, Mrs. Ward spent the next two months in Chicago, New York, Boston, and other cities, giving a large part of her time to plans and arrangements for the second Wyoming Summer School. She was back at Hillside on July 9, and a week or so later the school opened, under the direction of Mr. Allen H. Eaton of the University of Oregon. With a faculty list including some forty names, the school this year was a much more elaborate affair than its predecessor in 1914. A brief indication of its purpose and scope is given in the following newspaper extract:

The object of the school is not only to instruct eager pupils but to refresh and inspire tired teachers. Joy was its keynote in 1914, and it will be the keynote in 1916—for unless work brings joy it fails in its highest mission. The method is to secure star teachers and develop their depart-

ments, rather than to decide on departments and then accept less gifted leaders. The program is so attractive that the faculty may be lured to attend lectures instead of teaching.

The courses have naturally developed as the needs of the community have been expressed, until now classes are provided in art, music, literature, science, education, home economics, outdoor games and athletics, and other fields. The joy of the work will be largely derived from its practical nature. In art, courses are given in drawing, painting, and modelling, but especially in design as applied to dress and home, and only the simplest materials will be used. The courses in home economics, farm mechanics, and electricity will be adapted to the needs of the people taking them. The work in the natural sciences will include field trips in geology and in bird and plant life, and freest possible use of the natural history museum in Village Hall. Courses in children's literature will be given in the village library. The faculty will be made up of men and women from all parts of the country.

In addition to the above-mentioned and other courses, lectures were given during the school term by James W. Foley, Storrs B. Barrett, Alfred Emerson, Louis F. Post, Herbert Bigelow, Alfred C. Arvold, Mrs. Ella Bond Johnson, Dudley Crafts Watson, Miss

Alice E. Emerson, Henry Turner Bailey, Mrs. Mary Fels, and others. Early in August Mr. Stuart Walker brought his entire Portmanteau Theatre company to Hillside, and performances of most of the plays in their repertory were given there or in Village Hall during the following weeks. The school season came to a brilliant close on the afternoon and evening of August 15 with a Shakespeare Festival and "old English country fair"—the most ambitious and successful entertainment ever staged at Hillside. In a long personal letter of mid-September, Mrs. Ward comments on the summer's activities as follows:

I have been in bed for several days, and may stay there a day or two more—not in the least because I am ill, but just because the tide has ebbed and left me on the shore temporarily. . . . How can I begin to tell you of this greatest summer of all my life! We had a green and white striped awning stretched over the north terrace, the sides were screened in, and we have had all our meals there, cafeteria fashion. To have so many (for when the Portmanteau Players came there were sometimes eighty) at the first table was a new experience. It was a happy family all through the summer—no inharmony, just joy pure and simple. All who came felt the charm of

it. The contact of so many fine and gifted personalities must truly mean better living for all—as each said it did. I seemed to have little to do with it beyond the fact that I loved to have them all here. The Faculty was too large—much too large; and yet the lesson of this year is as vital as that of 1914; and both were needed if we plan for a future on kindred lines. We had thirty-eight teachers, to say nothing of special lecturers. All in all, the teaching was superlatively fine, and much of it created a real sensation with its vitality and charm. Our 1914 school was significant because of the joy it brought to many rather joyless lives; but this summer's school was even more so because it reached a much greater number. And it was not nearly so exacting, for others did the work and I was saved everywhere. The kitchen was as happy a place as the parlor. The maids found the work easier than when we have our ordinary summer family of from thirty to forty. Really it all went like magic.

The great distinction of the season came from the Shakespeare pageant and the Portmanteau Theatre performances. A friend who has seen five Shakespeare pageants this year said ours had greater charm and a far more beautiful setting than most of the others. We had seats for a thousand on the slope west of the pool. The day was absolutely perfect, neither too cool nor too warm; it had rained a day or two before, and the

air was like wine. The Hillside grounds looked very festive and gay, with all those lovely banners and flags that I bought at the close of the San Francisco exposition. The booths for the English country fair were built along the edge of the terrace. We had a Punch and Judy show on the upper porch of the house; there were Morris dances on the lawn; Mischa Kottler gave three short piano concerts during the afternoon; and we had all sorts of other interesting features. The Portmanteau Players gave "Gammer Gorton's Needle" in front of the pool, and it was fascinating beyond words. Thirteen hundred people came, and were seemingly delighted with everything.

Stuart Walker and his players arrived August 6. Beginning on the 17th, they gave eight evening performances and one matinee in Village Hall. People came from Buffalo and Rochester and all our other neighboring towns to see them. Lord Dunsany's "Golden Doom" and "Gods of the Mountain" were superbly presented; as were also Gordon Bottomly's "Crier by Night," Hortense Flexner's "Voices," and others. But to me the loveliest plays are Stuart Walker's own. I would rather have written them than any of the others—they are so simple and natural, so charged with wisdom and unlabelled morality. The players, fifteen in all, stayed with us at Hillside, with the "crew" of seven quartered in the village. They

are all fine young men and women, and to have them in such intimate association was one of the happiest experiences of my life. Can you see why I am aglow with the success of the entire summer? I am too happy for words over it!

After the departure of the Portmanteau Players in mid-September, Hillside was comparatively quiet until the end of the year, when the family gathered there for one of its periodic holiday reunions. Mrs. Ward writes of this event in a "Chicago Daily News" letter, beginning (as she so often did in other connections) with a favorite quotation—"The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."

The country in winter has charms that rival those of cities anywhere in the world, and this Christmas in Wyoming, N. Y., was the happiest of my life. All my children were here and sixteen of my eighteen grandchildren. "If I were starting out on life's journey," I said, "and could have my two dearest wishes, the first would be for a large family and the second for a home in which all might gather." And lo! both wishes are granted. When I looked on those fair maidens and manly lads, full of health, joy and goodness, I thought that whatever may eventuate I have not lived in vain.

The weather was arranged to the queen's taste. Cold, but not too cold; snow deep, dry and tempting. Toboggans, snowshoes, skis, skates, all were gayly used. We had holiday regulations—breakfast at nine, a meager lunch set at noon in the breakfast room and left for one hour only. As the family grew to forty-four and even more we served cafeteria meals delightfully. A bulletin posted on the board decreed that at three o'clock all should go to their rooms and lie down for at least fifteen minutes; after that they might write letters or do what they would until, at four, the dinner gong sounded. This quiet hour was great gain and tied the day together in a wholesome way.

Christmas morning carolers went from door to door with their enchanting songs. At intervals every day we had music, singing, reading and stories. It was joy to have Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kellogg with us, as well as friends from Boston and Buffalo. Every day at the dinner table we had impromptu speeches and it suddenly occurred to me to call on the children for contributions. This produced consternation on the first day, but by the second every child was eager to share in the general fund of sense and nonsense. This hour became the most popular of the day, and gave fine practice in easy speaking.

One afternoon Mr. Claude Bragdon happened in and gave a charming account of the development of the "Song and Light" festivals that he

and Harry Barnhart set in motion in Rochester and that are now being given all over the country.

On New Year's Sunday Mr. Kellogg provided an hour of enjoyment at Village Hall for a general countryside gathering. As prelude our Hillside family sang Christmas songs, carols and rounds, ending with Gounod's inspired setting of Tennyson's noble "Ring Out, Wild Bells." Then Mr. Kellogg gave one of his radiant hours of wisdom and knowledge, illustrated with scientific experiments and personal experiences and embroidered with his marvelous bird songs. It was a never to be forgotten occasion.

Railroads are said to be heartless, but on New Year's day our good Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh railway sent its extra LeRoy train to take our large party to Rochester, and nearly thirty travelers went in on it.

So ended this first lesson in Christmas three-generation celebration, which hills, skies and winter joys conspired to make the most delightful vacation time ever brought to any of us.

One of Avery's skits perpetrated during the year just dealt with was occasioned by his mother's proposal (later carried into effect) to place a background of Greek columns on the level bit of lawn surrounding the old spring. He considers that this plan "lacks imagination," and offers as substitute a set of "Sug-

gestions for Remodelling Spring," with the following explanation of symbols used in an elaborate accompanying sketch:

A. Present spring. Move out to *B*, where now is a steep hill, badly out of place and covered with large trees evidently planted at random. At *A*, locate simple Roman stage for outdoor dramatics. Carry present edge of level ground out to a point perpendicularly over the brook. Retain by perpendicular wall of white marble in a semi-circular sweep, surmounted by Greek columns and terminating at *J* in an electric elevator. Opposite elevator, at *K*, locate a white-marble arched bridge over brook. Leave brook in present location until 1918.

C. Present cistern. Move to *D*.

E. Present pump-house. Move to *F*.

G. Will make, perhaps, the most unusual feature. It is a sunken walk, starting near the sweet-bough trees and falling gradually to a point ten feet below the brook, under which it passes in a tunnel or grotto lined with Gruby tile. At certain times of day the stars would be visible from the bottom of this walk.

I. Huge maple tree. Move to north of round-house, and replace by weeping willow, as a commemorative touch.

P.S. If sunken walk does not yield enough filling to extend level to point at which wall is located,

move orchard to Webster's lot and make rustic lake of hole from which filling is taken.

P.P.S. Little Helen says: "I don't care; the old barn has the same smell it did when I was one year old." I say: "Thank God for that!"

The records of 1917 are mainly concerned with the third and last Wyoming Summer School. Mrs. Ward was in Chicago for several weeks during February and March. In May she attended the marriage of her grandson, Thomas Hollis, Jr., to Hilda Smith, at Concord, Massachusetts, and later the graduation from Vassar College of her son Stuart's daughter, Lydia Avery Coonley. In mid-June she was back at Hillside, where she writes:

This is the 16th of June. Can it be summer? "Light the furnace fire," I said this morning, and we all rejoiced when the pleasant warmth slowly diffused itself through the chilly house. What is the matter with the elements that they are telescoping the seasons in this way! Besides the cold weather, with snow on the 24th of May and the day before that, we have had rain, rain, rain. The apple blossoms were so late that we thought they would not come at all; but they did at last, and seemed almost lovelier than ever because of their tardiness. Yes, rain and dull skies, and frost ready

to swoop down upon all our green babies. Well, I do not really wonder! With the world as it is today, how could it be otherwise? Such hatred and malice and murder on the earth must surely find reflection or reaction in the skies. Was there once a gentle leader who taught that we should love our enemies, or is that a legend and an uncertified memory? "Peace I leave with you"; "And yet I show you a more excellent way"; "He giveth to all life and breath and all things, and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." Were there once Christians who repeated these strange lines from a Bible that we used to love and reverence? Ah well, in spite of war the world is still beautiful. And June is here—"now God be praised for June!"

Due to war-time exigencies, the third summer school was much more restricted in scope than that of the preceding year. An advance announcement prepared by Mrs. Ward contains this paragraph:

Unless our school brings joy it will miss its highest purpose. Never was joy more needed than now, when nations and individuals are striving for a goal that involves the killing of millions of persons. Our part is "to keep the flag of hope, courage, and the joy of life flying in the midst of this terrible storm." Stevenson says: "There is an idea abroad among moral people that they



THE LIVING-ROOM AT HILLSIDE
(From a photograph of about 1920)

should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good—myself. My duty to my neighbor is to make him happy.” We must not under-rate this duty.

Dr. Chester Gilbert of the Smithsonian Institution directed the 1917 school. In addition to perhaps a dozen regular courses, there were special lecture series by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, Allen Eaton, Hugh Findlay, and Mason Wylie Pressly; with occasional lectures by Edmund Vance Cooke, Henry Turner Bailey, Percy F. Boynton, Madame Eva Mariotti, Frank Stephens, and others. One of the most enjoyable features of the summer consisted in a series of concerts by the Zoellner String Quartet. “Four Days of Festivity” at Hillside, including Shakespearean scenes directed by Frank Stephens and Henry Kiefer, an “Italian fiesta” under Miss Clara Sackett’s direction, a concert by the Zoellner Quartet, and other features, marked the close of the third summer school in late August.

Save for an occasional brief interval, Mrs. Ward was absent from Wyoming throughout the eight or nine months immediately following. From February to May of 1918 she occupied a New York apartment on Washing-

ton Square, with a neighboring apartment for her Hillside helpers, whom she invited in groups of two or three at a time for a fortnight's holiday in the city. During this stay in New York, she met a publisher who proposed issuing a book of her verse; with characteristic exuberance, she decided upon three volumes instead of one, and much of her spare time at home for many months thereafter was devoted to preparing these for publication. Tentative plans for another summer school session this year were early abandoned, because of the universal absorption in war work. Instead, as a constructive contribution to the public need, Hillside was largely given over throughout the summer of 1918 to housing a group of young people—chiefly Mrs. Ward's grandchildren and their friends, who spent the long vacation at work upon the farm and made possible a record-breaking output of its products.

Soon after Thanksgiving, Mrs. Ward set off again on a long round of travel and visits. Not until March of the following year was she back in Wyoming—not at Hillside this time, but temporarily in her sister Mrs. Shanklin's new home, "The Pinnacle," from which she writes:

This is a delightful house, and much better for us at present than Hillside. But yesterday afternoon I went to that dear place for an hour. The rooms are forlorn in their present aspect, with furniture covered, pictures taken down, ornaments removed, etc., but my heart filled with joy and my eyes with happy tears as I walked about. Of course I must at times in my life have been happier than in that empty house, but at the moment I could not realize greater possibility of perfect joy. I do not see how I have been able to stay away so long.

Her old energy and pleasure in life begin to return, after a rather long period of low tide, and she is full of plans for the coming summer.

I very much hope the Buehrs and Olinskys can spend the summer at Hillside. I want to make these families the gift of a free and happy season, with as little household work for them as possible. The Olinskys will have Hollyhock Cottage, at the top of our hill; and the Buehrs can probably have Periwinkle—or should that fail, the south part of the Lenington cottage. I want to furnish them with vegetables, milk, etc., from the farm, and provide a woman to do much of their work. Then we are developing a plan for having a number of boys and girls work mornings on the farm, the afternoons to be given to other things. Dr. and Mrs. Chester Gilbert are coming for a month, and

he is ready to do some teaching or lecturing while she will have dancing classes. I hope for Miss Julia Heinrich to give music lessons, and the Gillette girls also from LeRoy. Miss Kate Kellogg will probably take some part. I mean this summer to be a selfish one—just for ourselves. . . . We shall move the Pavilion from the village up to the west end of the eleven-acre pasture, where there is a fine place for it near a group of large trees. It is about twenty-five by forty feet in size, with windows on all sides. I shall convert one corner into a kitchen, and the rest can be used as a sitting-room and for dances, etc. We shall have a pianola and a victrola there.

The Pavilion above referred to, when later moved up from the village and entirely reconstructed, was christened "The Forum." It served during the following two or three summers as a delightful gathering-place for lectures, musicals, dances, and other more or less public entertainments, as an exhibition hall, and as a common dining-room for the Hillside community.

The ensuing months of 1919 were such as Mrs. Ward had planned, a season of exceptional pleasure and profit for herself and for the many guests and neighbors who shared in this summer's life at Hillside. Mrs. Ward wrote little or nothing for publication this

year, though still working a good deal on her verses; and our only remaining quotation of this period is from a family letter:

Monday morning, November 10. "This is the day the Lord hath made" was never truer of any day than it is of this. Its dawn was a wonder of glorious, indescribably vivid crimson in the east, while high in the west rode the waning moon. In the early light the hills became blue mountains, and the scene was shrouded in mystery and beauty. When I walked about the house and looked from the knoll it seemed to me that there never was a lovelier place than this. I could go on and on talking about it, but must deny myself, for work awaits me which I ought to tackle, though I do not want to. The sun shines, the air is like wine, and I am sure that the wind now blowing will soon subside and Indian Summer will arrive. . . . Yesterday was as wonderful a day as I ever enjoyed in all my life. We had nineteen for dinner, including Lord Dunsany.

Hillside was open throughout the following winter—an uneventful season for the most part. One of Mrs. Ward's guests for several weeks in the Spring of 1920 was Mr. Stuart Walker, who later sent her two volumes of translations from the Chinese, accompanied by the following notable contribution to the

literature of Hillside. The fifth of these little poems, it may be noted, has reference to the death at Hillside in March of a young English girl who had come out from Buffalo to do some stenographic work for Mrs. Ward.

CONTREFAÇONS DE CHINOISERIE

I. *Wyoming.*

Lowlands snow-covered, a timid train creeping
onward,
Distant hills like gray clouds on the horizon,
Gaunt trees and purple shadows, guardians of the
dreaming Spring,
Nestling houses and crying winds, sentries of the
village.
My spirit wings o'er the frozen road like a butterfly,
And my heart before my body is already warm at
Hillside.

II. *Hillside.*

Windows flashing in the sunset, snow-white the
Spring is sleeping;
Doors eloquent of welcome, latches opening to
one's wishes,
Fire-logs smoldering in their ashes, rooms and halls
and Home,
Peace and rest and inspiration, freedom, dreams,
contentment.

I wander through the hallways singing to myself
The little song that some day Time will tell;
My heart has found a resting-place wherein to
 make a poem,
And some day words will come into my waiting
 pen.

III. *The Yellow Room.*

Seven windows and two glass doors, far valleys
 and farther hills,
Bare branches in the tree-tops, clouds gleaming
 through the sky,
A group of little houses, soft sloping lawns ice-
 bound,
Barns hiding behind the roof-line, two silos play-
 ing tower.
I close my room-door and stretch my arms in full
 possession,
The warmth of the yellow walls enfolds my tired
 body,
The ceiling hovers close upon my eager touch, my
 hopes;
I sit at my desk and gaze through nine eyes upon
 the weary winter.

IV. *The Gold Furniture.*

So many sofas of so many lengths,
So many chairs of so many sizes,
Brocades and damasks, pillows square and round,
Soft gold and bright, a humiliated chair,

Shades of old years gone by, expressions of a wish
today,
Unfinished now, something beautiful to do to-
morrow.
How many hopes have centered here? How
many plans for beauty?
Who knew when these were young that they would
find this haven?

V. *Redemption.*

Windows stare into darkness, an unheard call in
the air,
A shutter clangs against the sash, a floor-board
groans underfoot,
The fire-log shifts its uneasy place, shadows skulk
across the room,
The clock beats like a fearful heart, the heavy
silence scatters the wolf-like winds. . . .
Morning comes grayly through the stillness of the
snow
Where Death had passed on his way so short ago—
No footsteps show the path of morn, no mark the
track of Death;
In the distance a muffled cock-crow greets the eter-
nal day.

VI. *The Dining-room.*

Mary Crawford, clock ahead, steaming viands,
Nettie, clinking silver, imperious chimes,

The gathering, a silent prayer, food,
Letters meant not for ears, Stevenson or Leacock;
Plates and thoughts scraped clean,
Democracy of flesh and brain.

VII. *Paradise Path.*

Drifts of crusted snow thigh-deep, black trees in
solemn ranks,
Ice-covered slopes, a narrow valley, far hills,
A distant brook in continual protest against the
winter;
A hush among the branches, a stillness in the earth,
Lest Winter guess the hopes of radiant blossom-
ing;
A promise in the sky, a covenant in the air, of
Spring, of Spring.

VIII. *Adventure.*

I made a little dream in the city street;
I sought a little dream in the countryside.
I shall not find the little dream in all the world.
A little dream is real only when I cannot find it.

Mid-April this year brought a heavy blow
of fate in the death of Mrs. Ward's oldest
son, Avery Coonley, beloved as boy and man
by all with whom he ever came in contact.
A circular letter "to my friends" sent out by
his mother at this time contains the following
paragraph:

I have lost two of my six children—both absolutely satisfying in every way to a mother's heart, both taken in the prime of life and usefulness. It is a heavenly blessing to have had such children, and I am more grateful than words can say for the flawless joy of their companionship. Having had these rare gifts of Heaven, having lived in the radiance of their love, I will not murmur that they are taken from me—that would be too ungrateful! I do not weep; I rejoice in their lives. I think of the personal beauty that reflected noble character, of the irrepressible spirit of wit and humor that embroidered daily life with the charm of mirth; and memories of precious words and deeds bring smiles rather than tears.

Though the early months of 1920 constituted a period of no little difficulty, depression, and sorrow for Mrs. Ward, by the beginning of summer she had regained much of her customary spirits and energy. The ensuing season proved one of the most active ever experienced at Hillside—as this extract from a family letter of July will serve to indicate:

Taken as a whole, this season surpasses all its predecessors. There is harmony everywhere between family, guests, farm workers, and domestic force. The Forum as dining-room and kitchen is an achievement. The Watsons, the Buehrs, and

the Eatons are delightful. Mr. Watson is an ideal leader, enthusiastic, magnetic, lovable, and a bundle of energy. Mr. Birdsall, his right-hand bower, lives in a tent he has pitched near the road this side of the Forum; he is quite wonderful for games and amusements born of experience in managing summer camps. The artists are doing some lovely pictures and sketches. We shell peas or beans on the knoll, back porch, or north terrace, according to the weather, which so far has been more than cool—scarcely a warm day. There are two Norwegian girls here who work steadily on the farm, one of them a daughter of the explorer Nansen. The other young folks are also greatly enjoying the farm work. The girls dance under Mr. Kanellos's instruction, sketch with Mr. Watson, design with Miss Markham, weave with Miss de Captavilla, play tennis, arrange flowers, pick berries, and so on. Mischa's piano lessons are assuming an important part, and I hope chorus singing will soon begin under Miss Crystal Waters. Except the dancing and piano instruction, nothing has a money price. Hours are announced when certain work will be going on at certain places, and anyone comes who wants to. Those who want to come from the village can do so. On Tuesdays, directly after dinner, we have games in the field east of the house, or in the roundhouse if the weather is not pleasant. These are great fun, and everybody joins in. On Saturday evenings there

is dancing in the Forum, to which come many from the village and neighborhood. It is a democratic gathering. On Sunday morning we have a service here—Bible, Stevenson, poetry, etc., then music in the early afternoon. Yesterday was especially enjoyed, although I thought the audience of a hundred or more might hate to stay until four o'clock on such a beautiful day, but really they were not ready to leave then. There was some of my nonsense, a little bit of Stevenson, a story by Mr. Watson, a talk by Will Davies, etc. As his contribution, Mr. Lenington told us that some time ago a large automobile stopped on the road near our bridge and the driver asked our farm-hand Tom Delavan if the house up there was the county insane asylum. Tom replied instantly, "Yes, and we have forty inmates"! . . . Yesterday I heard to my joy that Maurice Maréchal, the French cellist, with Miss Lois Perkins and George Tillson, will come on the 20th for a week or more. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler and her husband will come next month for a few days. We also expect the Gilberts soon. . . .

At the west end of the thirty-foot walk are four tall poles on which swing four of my beautiful Spanish banners from the California exposition, making a lovely bit of color; two others are on the Forum piazza. When I remember how I have reproached myself for building the Forum and realize now that it is perhaps the most valuable

community asset we have, I feel as people say about history—you must wait to understand it. Time and use will tell whether a thing is valuable or not; and while I know that some things I have done here are not justified, I feel that this is not true of much. I look down at the grotto, the overlook, and the pool, all of which have been regretted and yet now are among our most delightful and valued things. The tennis courts are another joy, and are in use every afternoon and evening.

The following telegram, received “charges collect” by the mistress of Hillside, constitutes an amusing footnote to this summer’s activities:

New York, Sept. 15, 1920

Open tonight at Forum theatre your city. Reserve accommodations for company at your usual rates. Nine vegetarians and forty-two meat-eaters. Seven visible stars, numerous planets, and one eclipse. Meet us with bus for troupe and carriage for self. Arrive five P.M., railway time, at Wyoming, Warsaw, Batavia, and neighboring villages.

BOMBAZINO, Manager.

A large Thanksgiving Day party in the Forum, with George Gray Barnard the sculptor as special guest, brings the record of 1920 to a close, as far as these chronicles are con-

cerned. Most of the following winter Mrs. Ward spent quietly at "Capitano," the old Howes place near Hillside which she had purchased and remodelled a few years before.

The largest part of 1921 was a time of rather extreme depression for Mrs. Ward, and until late in the year she wrote little or nothing for publication, save this brief contribution to the "Rochester Times-Union" of March 26:

JUST BEFORE EASTER

Look up, belovéd, where the hills are singing
Their farewell to cold winter's ice and snow.
See where the green-clad forest trees are swinging
Their fragrant censers slowly to and fro—
For Spring is born.

So let thy heart, with the dear earth rejoicing,
To darkness and to sorrow bid farewell,
Sing with the hills, Spring's resurrection voicing,
And let thy song Hope, Joy and Love foretell
On Easter morn.

Do people complain of monotony in the country? Why, mid-March is just past, yet yesterday morning was summer, with the thermometer at sixty; last night was autumn, at forty; this morning winter, under thirty; and now—at six o'clock

of the evening—only look east from the window of our lovely little parlor! The outline of low hills flows in the background, melting up and down into lovely lines of grace. Where they curve up, woods are delicately etched and serrated against a tender gray sky. Where they curve down, a big, beautiful elm guards them, stretching out its gray arms all ready to slip into green sleeves.

Low on the horizon soft blue melts into soft pink that drifts up into an unbelievably-delicate gray sky. Delicate and tender it must be, for it frames a moon, large and round though not yet full; a silver moon with a veil of gold.

Oh, what ravishing beauty! I see it all through tiny cherry branches, stretching out from their parent trees to make a wonder-screen whose beauty would surprise Japan. Yet here it is—ours—just ours who gaze and gaze and try to share this evening glory of our own dear hills. Alas! we try in vain, for words fail, since, surely, eyes have never before seen such loveliness.

The russet fields come near and faintly veil the green that even now weaves the cover that will soon overshadow them. And the wind sings a low hymn to the approaching night.

Now it is next day and here comes the moon an hour later and duly farther to the north—a big, golden ball in deep Payne's-gray sky.

Monotonous? With hills, moon, stars and sky? Never!

During one of several visits to Hillside, Mr. Edwin Markham wrote this letter to the then absent mistress of that home—a poet's tribute which, though of course written for one reader only, we cannot forbear quoting:

June 14, 1921

My sweet Lady:

Here I am in your paradise, here, swimming in a vast delight. The air is heavenly: the sky, the low hills, the canyon of congregated trees, all are strangely beautiful. Never before did I rejoice more boyishly in the wonder of nature.

The scene and the spirit of the scene have touched the chords of my heart so thrillingly that I am moved to melody, and this is taking form in verse more abundant than I have ever produced in the same stretch of time in any other region in the East. Hallelujah! Blow, bugles of the Resurrection!

I am directing the Nine Muses to watch over you in all your ways.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

The following little exchange of rhymed courtesies, evidently closed by a peace-offering of flowers, is another of the few existent souvenirs of 1921, when the family meals were served (as during the preceding summer) in the Forum, under Miss Murray's direction:



AN AFTER-DINNER READING ON THE TERRACE
(During the Summer School of 1916)

Miss Murray writes:

Bits of butter all remind us
We should cut our helpings fine,
So that Cook in her réchauffés
Need not mingle yours and mine.

Miss Bates replies:

Before again I leave my dish
Half-eaten after tea,
And disregard the rhyméd wish
That I more thrifty be,
I'll clean my plate three times a day,
And should some go unspread,
Deny myself, e'en though I may
Go butterless to bed!

Miss Murray rejoins:

Not butterless to bed I ask
Should be your dreary lot;
But when you take a thumping pat,
Just eat up all you've got,
Nor leave to one the morbid task
Of scraping butter-plates
And from the remnants, soft with heat,
Evolving festive cates.

O fractious words, contending still!
Rather, some happy phrase
Of thanks find in these gentle flowers,
Their donor kind to praise.

An impressive exhibition held at Hillside toward the end of August is thus described in a letter of Mr. Allen Eaton's, which also serves as a partial record of guests and activities during a comparatively quiet summer of this later period:

Yesterday Mrs. Ward said she would like some record of the Hillside exhibition, and since I intended writing you something about it, perhaps I can do both at one time. Last year I suggested the exhibition of farm products, and planned and installed a considerable part of it, hoping in this way to make a small contribution toward the lovely summer we were all having here. This year we decided to include also the work of those spending the summer at Hillside or in some way associated with the place. The arrangement of the farm products was my particular work, and this year I think was an improvement over last. The placing of these beautiful fruits, flowers, and vegetables was a fascinating problem, and one to which I wish artists would give more attention.

I did not want the exhibition to be a burden to anyone, so this year practically no time was required of the farm workers except to bring the things to the roundhouse; and with a little help from many people, it took only a few hours to do the actual installing. Not a penny of expense was incurred, but of course there is everything here

to work with. I do not think Mrs. Ward gave the matter a thought, but after she saw what was being done she suggested that we put up a notice in the village inviting people to come. Although the time was very short, we have had between fifty and sixty visitors, and tomorrow (Sunday) there will probably be more. Of course the purpose of the exhibition was simply to give us a better idea of all that is being done here. Mrs. Ward, as you know, is really a great exponent of honest and useful work, and this place stands for that more than any other of which I know, and especially for many kinds of work which this exhibition quite well illustrates. And while no low standards are sanctioned, the main emphasis is placed upon sincere effort, and every encouragement is given everyone to do some useful thing. Obviously, an exhibition of this kind cannot include the talents of those who sing and dance and play, and even those who produce tangible things are not all included. But the general spirit of work is fairly well illustrated by some two hundred and fifty exhibits, representing about fifty persons directly and of course a good many more indirectly, as most exhibits do. As I have tried to suggest, this is rather an impromptu show, being neither very finished nor complete.

The exhibition consists of six sections, or rather six places of display, beginning with the round-house and including in order: the sculpture studio

of Boris Lorsky, a Russian-born artist, over the garage; Columbine Cottage, occupied by the Dudley Crafts Watson family; the Forum, a large separate building used for musicales, lectures, etc., as well as for a cafeteria; "El Capitano," the house in which we are living; and finally Mr. Watson's painting studio in the barn back of "El Capitano," where he and Mrs. Watson served tea on Thursday to those who completed the pilgrimage.

The fruits and vegetables were arranged in an alcove of the roundhouse. The background consisted of fresh dark-green cornstalks, with the leaves and ears just as they came from the field but placed so close together as to make a solid mass, in front of which were arranged the various farm products. On the large round table in front of the alcove was an Italian bronze fountain, the figure of a little boy holding a dolphin under one arm, with a bowl below for the water. In this bowl we piled apples, pears, peaches, plums and grapes; and around the bowl were brightly colored squashes, tomatoes, egg plants, ears of corn, small pumpkins, and watermelons. Below the table on the floor was the main arrangement of vegetables—dozens of kinds and varieties; in the middle of the mass was a perfect frame of honey just from the hive, measuring about a foot by a foot and a half, and in front of this were two large bottles of milk and a pound of golden butter.

In the fireplace opposite the alcove we built up a floor and background of fresh alfalfa hay, and threw into it the extra corn, pumpkins, squashes, etc., that we did not need for our main exhibit. This made the great opening cool, clean, and attractive; and in front of this we arranged great masses of flowers from the gardens. On each side of the fireplace was an arrangement in separate bouquets of twenty-seven varieties of garden annuals, all in bloom. Between the alcove and the fireplace we had a large round table, in the center of which we placed the white sculptured figure (about twenty inches high) of a dancing girl, and around this we arranged asparagus fern and other special plants from the greenhouses.

None of the fruits, vegetables, or flowers which we used were grown for this occasion; they just happened to be on hand and available at this time. Those most responsible for these exhibits were Mr. Lenington, the farm superintendent; Mr. McLellan, the head gardener; Mr. Rowe, the dairyman; and Mr. Williams, the poultryman and beekeeper.

The other exhibits were from people now at Hillside, or recently here, or in some way connected with the place. This year fewer folks are here than usual, but the amount and quality of work done has been rather unusual, I think. Some things not done recently were included, in order that more people might be represented who had

not been working at special tasks during the past year; and a few things, such as our doll's house, were brought in because of the interest and variety they gave to the exhibition.

On the wall at the right of the main exhibit of farm products were six pastel sketches by Mrs. Waldo Browne, one of Mrs. Ward's nieces, and next to them five oil paintings of Hillside subjects by Mrs. Karl Buehr. On the same wall George Buehr has a charcoal sketch of the roundhouse, and in another part of the exhibition he has some clever verses, also some batik neckties and other pieces. Kathleen Buehr has some very attractive batiks, and some dresses which she has done; and Mrs. Buehr has the largest collection of batiks of any of the summer pupils. Perhaps I have already told you that Miss Lydia Bush-Brown of Washington has had a class in batiks and other forms of dye-work at Hillside, and also one in the village. She showed several of her pieces, and there were exhibits by members of the Village Guild of Wyoming.

The group in the next section consisted of some sketches in pastel by Miss Clara Sackett, who was here for a few days; and some music manuscripts by Mischa Kottler, a very talented young pianist who has been with Mrs. Ward for several summers and who sails in September for Paris. In the next section were some water-color drawings of wild flowers by Mrs. Ward; bookplates and pencil

sketches by Norman T. Newton, one of the young men in Mr. Fleming's architectural office here; a wood-block print, a beaded bag, and some embroidery by Miss Eleanor Rudd, Mrs. Ward's secretary; a photographic study by Chester Gilbert, who was associated with Professor Ward at one time; and a group of picture batiks by Kathleen Buehr and Albert Force. The latter had also a pen-and-ink sketch showing a corner of the "big house."

On the billiard table were copies of recently-published books by Mrs. Ward, Waldo Browne, Mrs. Louise Brigham Chisholm, and myself. Here and on the wall were separate photographs of the "box furniture" designed by Mrs. Chisholm; examples of Irish lace by the gardener's wife Mrs. McLellan, and her friend Mrs. Skelly; a raffia basket and a loaf of English brown-bread by Miss Murray; three handwoven bags by Mrs. Olsen, wife of the chauffeur; examples of crochet work by Miss Malvina Shanklin, one of Mrs. Ward's nieces; crochet work by Mrs. Lenington; needlework by members of the Village Guild; some copper and brass work by Ernest Blatchford, the electrician here; a beautiful rosewood writing desk made from an old melodeon by Ernest Blatchford and Floyd Rowley; some necktie-holders made from cross-sections of elm by Mr. Williams, the carpenter; some organdie flowers by Lydia Davies, one of Mrs. Ward's granddaughters; examples of needle-

work by Mrs. Burton, mother-in-law of Gayne Chenoweth the painter, who is here with them for the summer. There was a section showing some of the work of Bryant Fleming, the landscape gardener and architect for Hillside, who has done several houses here. This about finishes the things that I can recall in the roundhouse, except our own things, which were grouped together. There was the large doll's house, a copy of which Mrs. Ward bought, also three sets of ten-pins and the little block-house toy copied from Benetta Nash's Portland house; then I had just finished a little folding theatre of very light Balsa wood. Cecile showed a partly-finished braided rug and a batik scarf; Betty had some drawings of costumes, and a new hat she has recently made for herself; Martha had a modelled figure, and several casts from it in different costumes; Sally had the first page of her autobiography, which it is hoped will be finished by Christmas for some of the children's cousins and friends.

Now I know I have forgotten several things—Boris Lorsky's silk gown, Mrs. Chisholm's kimono, Emily Davies's party dress, and what not; but I hope you have gained some idea of the exhibit, and you probably have enough detail for one time. And oh yes! I came near leaving out the part I enjoyed most—the little children's exhibits. Augusta Watson had some paintings on cloth, some sketches of Hillside, and a relief-map of the place.

But the other little folks had been too busy on other things to be bothered with the exhibition. However, all the time we were arranging it they kept running in and out, until several of them got the spirit of it, and at the last minute brought me things they had especially made and asked if I could show them, which of course I did. These included:

A Wooden Spear, painted green to represent old bronze, by John C. Davies.

A Spear and Javelin, ditto, by Emily Watson.

A Dagger, ditto, with end of blade dipped in blood (fruit juice), by Joseph F. Skelly.

Johnnie also showed "A Bottle of Home Brew" (grape juice). He had made this several days before the exhibition, and brought me a sample of it. It was so successful that I suggested that he exhibit a bottle, and I saved the space for it. Well, when the day arrived he brought in the bottle, but that was about all. By squinting you could see perhaps a quarter of an inch of "home brew" in the bottom of the bottle; but I had to take that or nothing if I wanted his genius represented, and of course I did. It seems that Johnnie's concoction had been so popular with himself and his close associates that he had accomplished a good deal by bringing me even that much. The exhibition was to last three days, but Johnnie could not bear to leave the remainder of his bottle so long; and after he had explained to me that he thought the

exhibition was to be for one night only, and that he would like mighty well to withdraw this part of his contribution, I gave in, and I imagine those dregs didn't last very long afterward.

I have not time to tell you much about the exhibits in the other buildings. In Mr. Lorsky's studio, the best object was a study of the head of Lydia Davies and her riding-horse Lassie. In Columbine Cottage, Mrs. Watson's most important work was a mantel decoration of conventional columbine design, including the several varieties of that flower in bloom when the work was started last May. In the Forum, Mr. Buehr had some excellent oil paintings, including the best work that has yet been done at Hillside, as it seems to me; Mr. Chenoweth had the best oil he has yet done, and some delightful pencil sketches; Mr. Watson showed several of his spontaneous and colorful studies of Hillside flowers, and in his studio a number of very attractive and characteristic sketches of this country. In our cottage, Cecile showed her "Camp Fire in the Rocky Mountains," which is among the best of her paintings.

Now I must run and clean up a little for a picnic this evening. I see I have overlooked the old Italian cow-bell, especially polished for this occasion by Mr. James Winter, formerly of Snitterfield, England, but now in charge of cleaning operations in the "big house."

Mrs. Ward's three volumes of poems, upon which she had been working so long, were published this year and brought her many gratifying letters of appreciation. In November, after months of silence, she is again contributing a weekly column of "Hillside Notes" to the local newspaper—a certain indication of returning spirits and health. The following extract is taken from one of the first of this new series:

November 23, 1921

It is eight o'clock in the morning, and I look from my east window through the leafless trees and lovely green pines into a silver sky, quiet and demure—a sky very different from its aspect at half after six when I awoke. It was too late then to see the beginning of the dawn carnival, though it was still in full splendor, with ravishing colors of many shades, running the gamut from rich depths to tender palest tones. The most skilful makers of pigments could not produce these marvellous hues, which almost stop the beating of our hearts with their ineffable beauty. I am glad I am not an artist, for artists do not like early rising and so miss the pageant of the dawn. Besides, if I were an artist I should try to reproduce it upon canvas, and failing ignominiously in this attempt I should very likely go insane—and that would trouble my family.

Thanksgiving Day this year is celebrated at Hillside by a large party, composed chiefly of employees on the place and their families. For weeks before and after Thanksgiving, Mrs. Ward is energetically promoting a three-days' festival of the Swarthmore Chautauqua, held at Wyoming in December—an event which brings a new sort of festival to the “big house” as well.

I invited the Chautauqua company to be my guests, just to help along and never dreaming of immediate reward. Yet of all the delightful people Hillside has sheltered, none were ever more delightful than these. For the first time we had the excitement of “progressive company.” A group arrived every morning, and saluted a departing group. Each brought new exhilaration, and the magnetism of youth and personal charm. . . . I never in my life had more delightful days. . . . I return over and over to the fun, and that last frolic night when some who do not like to be pleased were doubled with laughter. . . . Over and over has it been said that Wyoming never had anything more interesting than this Festival. Next year we shall ring bells, blow trumpets, beat drums, and parade—all in advance; and for myself, as long as I live I shall be ready to exchange corned-beef hash for songs and dances and the companionship of interesting people.

The ensuing Christmas and New Year holidays were enjoyed by an unusually large gathering of family and friends at Hillside. In a "Reporter" letter of early January, Mrs. Ward writes:

These have been the happiest days that I have spent in many years—I might say the happiest of my life. For the ability to appreciate happiness grows with the years. The young do not analyze its sources, but simply enjoy; with years comes the sense of rich experience, and we know why happiness envelops us. . . . Here at Hillside we have had a large holiday party, mainly our Avery relatives from Aurora. I love to have my family name in evidence. There were forty of us to sit down at New Year's dinner, eleven being children under ten years of age, and a lovely happy group they were—beautiful in person and bright of mind. Altogether we had a wonderful time. Even the weather joined in favoring us. Snow fell to bury the old year, and even our canny Ford could not navigate on New Year's morning; so some of us went to church in the bobsleigh, and the rest had services at home.

I wonder if everyone has as many things to be thankful for as I have. Sorrows have been many, and they do not seem to grow less. Yet over them broods a peace that is not of this world. One great joy is that my home is where I would choose

it out of all the world. The hills and valleys of Wyoming grow ever dearer to my heart, and I am grateful that my lot is cast here. Such days, such nights, such memories!

To many others, as well as to Mrs. Ward, these times when the family forgathered at the holiday season were the happiest in Hillside's later history. A member of the younger generation, Miss Lydia Avery Coonley, writes thus about them:

During the last years, there were four or five reunions at Christmas-time. Due to the scattering of the branches, these were the only occasions when the entire family could gather under one roof. It was always a gala time; and young and old played together, as they always did at Hillside.

During Grandmother's life, she was naturally the guiding star and spirit of these occasions. Every morning, just after breakfast, she read aloud some verses from the Bible, then some excerpts from her beloved "Pocket R. L. S.," which she called "The Hillside Table Companion," and generally concluded by repeating, in unison with the entire family group, "The Celestial Surgeon" and one or two other poems which had come to be part of the morning service. After supper she usually asked each member of the family to contribute something—a poem, a narration of some interest-

ing experience, a piano solo, or a song. Always there was music, and Grandmother herself often played the accompaniment for the group-singing of old favorites.

On New Year's Eve there was always a "stunt" party, and the singing of "Ring Out, Wild Bells" as midnight struck. These parties were largely impromptu affairs, and the occasions of much merriment. No one was safe from a gentle burlesque of little idiosyncrasies. Lively discussions of fishing and fireplaces between Uncle Bon and Uncle Will were parodied by a daughter of the one and a niece of the other. Aunt Sarah mimicked to perfection the dress, mannerisms, and conversation of a slightly eccentric but highly talented family friend. Uncle Howard, dressed scantily but picturesquely in flowing veils, took off the craze for æsthetic expression which had raged for a summer or two, and did it so well that Aunt Leslie retired in terror lest the scarves prove inadequate. Once when Uncle Prentiss had to leave early, he left a message which purported to come to us over the radio, but which was delivered by one of the boys through an old Victrola horn. One year my father, dressed in Grandmother's clothes, decked in her ornaments (or travesties thereof), and laden with a basket full of her favorite books, acted as Master of Ceremonies. The skits were many and varied, and, to the somewhat biassed audience, excruciatingly funny and clever.

The last of these Christmas gatherings took place after Grandmother had gone; but all that she had put into Hillside, all that she had given or made possible for the rest of us, was as potent an influence and as patently the moving spirit of all we planned and did as if she herself were there, directing, encouraging, and inspiring us. It seemed always to me as if the beloved old house had caught and sustained all the happiness it had sheltered, and that it returned this to us a thousand-fold.

At this point, as well perhaps as at any other, some mention should be made of at least a few among those many assistants and associates who constituted the working background of Hillside life, particularly in its later and most active phase. Prominent on the distaff side were Miss Eleanor Rudd, for ten years Mrs. Ward's devoted secretary and foremost aide in everything connected with the management of home and farm; Miss Rose Briggs, long the loving and much-loved companion of Mrs. Avery; Miss Sophie Macdonald (now Mrs. Benedict Brooks), also Mrs. Avery's companion, though for a briefer period; Miss Helen Murray, like Miss Macdonald a gifted daughter of Scotland, who had charge of housekeeping arrangements in



VIEW FROM "THE KNOLL"



"THE OVERLOOK" AND A CORNER
OF THE POOL

the later years; Miss Nettie Faulkner, for most of her life ministering with quiet skill in the dining-room, and her sister Effie (now Mrs. Thomas Chase); Miss Mary Crawford, presiding deity of the kitchen through a decade or more. Outside the house there were Charles Knight, a hardy British perennial who cared for the Hillside grounds through most of the old regime and part of the new; Axel Olson, god of the machines both mobile and stationery, cheerful and tireless worker, a never-failing resource in any emergency; L. N. Lenington, genial and energetic farm superintendent for a decade; James Winter, another hardy Briton, of varied gifts and aptitudes; Donald McLellan, the last and best of several Hillside gardeners. These are but a few names in the long list of those whose faithful and unobtrusive services in many varied departments contributed so much to the pleasure and comfort of the life with which this book has to do.

The essential character of that life, with its inspirational effect upon most of those who shared it, is fittingly summarized in a tribute by Mr. Dudley Crafts Watson, a member of the Hillside artist-colony for several summers from 1916 to the close. Mr. Watson writes:

Geniuses, raw material uncouth and sometimes of discouraged mind, persons of artistic or literary bent, in untold numbers have left the highway or the railway station at Wyoming, New York, to climb into the hills to the west, passing through the gardens and into the open portals of a sanctuary more precious, inspiring, and helpful than any they had ever experienced—Hillside Farm. Painters, musicians, poets, sculptors, and actors, architects and decorators, thinkers and wanderers, met for many years there around the gentle fireside presided over by Lydia Avery Coonley Ward. Her possessions became theirs; her viewpoint clarified their viewpoints; her love of life rekindled in them belief in the beauty about them. More often than not those who were invited to partake of the feast were in great need of such succor at just that time.

Many came and went without leaving an influence or making an impression; some probably went away with their hands and their hearts still empty, but that was their own fault—they were simply among those who looked without seeing, who listened without hearing. Families, lonely bachelor and maiden artists, eager students sometimes not more than children, were first of all made conscious that there was no barrier around material wealth. Warmth and comfort, luxuries and art possessions, were immediately theirs. No caste was ever recognized in the democracy of

Hillside. The society of this informal and constantly-changing colony many times assumed the status of Utopian perfection.

After a few days of rich enjoyment, the genius within the individual was quickened by the magic of the great hostess; inspiration to work and determination to succeed filled the consciousness. How many of the poets and artists of America there are who mark the blessed hour of the turning-point to their success within their harborage at Hillside Farm, no record can ever show. The equation of America's cultural power has not been so enlarged by many other influences. To live and love and give were the principles of life learned by many who entered the portals of that home, and drank deeply of the purity and blessings found there.

The following little sheaf of transcriptions has been gathered from an abundance of interesting entries in the Hillside guest-books for the five-year period from 1916 to 1921:

The Lady of Hillside

Her heart is a wide hostelry
Of bright and fragrant rooms,
Where all day long are heard the looms
Of happy Industry;
And by her ample board,
Unseen beside each guest, Simplicity

Neighbors with old-time Courtesy
In glad accord;
While Loving-Kindness, from her hostess' place,
Says grace:

Since in Thy House of Mystery
All whom Thou lovest are Thy guests, so, Lord,
Here let Thy bounty find epitome,
And all Thou holdest dear
Be welcome here! . . .

Sitting beside your place, dear Mrs. Ward,
These thoughts at Hillside overheard have I,
And written them in this book.—Your

PERCY MACKAYE.

Here have I met singers of songs, dreamers of
dreams, seers of visions, and makers of music.
They all left their impress; they all helped to make
the world a more beautiful place. But she who
made me feel day by day that folks, just plain
folks such as you and I, can also see beauty and
perchance give beauty, was the fairy godmother of
Hillside, our dear Saint Lydia of the silver crown
and golden heart.

ADELINE B. ZACHERT.

No happier revival of violet-crowned Athens
and its famous schools of the Grove, the Porch,
and the Garden has been seen in either hemi-
sphere than this Wyoming Summer School of ours.
It was good, too, to hunt the apples of Hesperides.

ALFRED EMERSON.

Here, in the magic atmosphere of Hillside, one feels inclined to cry, like Faust, to the passing moment: "Verweile doch, du bist so schön!"

HANNA SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON.

The Hillside Spring

A thousand hillsides rise; but *one* we sing
For lovely and peculiar ministries—
Praising its perfect, sparkling spring
Beneath the covert of the friendly trees.

That faithful well-spring on the green hillside—
Its fame was on the winds long years ago,
Lured men to journey here and here abide,
And drink the healing of its crystal flow.

But *Love's* far-calling spring *today* is lure
That summons happy pilgrims to that hill;
How constant pours that flood, how full, how pure!
How heartening, healing, is its sweet good-will!

The years may still the olden hillside fount,
And men recall no more the cool green-wood;
But Judgment Book will keep the bright account
Of *this* deep spring of Love—this quenchless
good.

ANNA CATHERINE MARKHAM.

There are many places in the world where we are
in the gutter, but at Hillside we are always looking
at the stars.

COUNT BYRON KHUN DE PROROK.

Scattered through the guest-books of this period appear the following names, in addition to the above and others already mentioned in these pages: Caroline Hazard, Henry Noble MacCracken, Bessie Potter Vonnoh, Edith Wynne Matthison, Charles Rann Kennedy, Henry Mills Alden, Dr. Yami-Kin, Edward Howard Griggs, Zona Gale, Lady Dunsany, Daniel Chester French, Yone Noguchi, Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, Louis Agassiz Fuertes, and Olivia Rossetti Agresti.

One of the long family communications which Mrs. Ward used to call her "historical letters," written in this particular instance early in the month of January, 1922, contains the following:

It is now early afternoon, and I have worked steadily all day except for a half-hour on the lounge. The day is a glorious one—sunshine ever since dawn; much of the snow is gone, but it is still cold. The barometer is high, which is always a comfort at this season. The house is not quite as you know it, but I never have seen it look lovelier. We have changed the furniture about a good deal, and to our own satisfaction. Moreover, we have changed our way of life in one important detail. We could never persuade Miss Murray to

eat with us in the breakfast-room until Mary Crawford went to Buffalo for some time. Then she came, and she is a star wherever she is. But as soon as Mary returned she joined us no more. I urged in vain. "No," she said, "Mary has been very kind to me, and I would not risk hurting her as that might." There were only five of us here then, and I said: "If she will not come to us, let us go to her." So we went into the blue dining-room [the servants' dining-room], and have been there ever since except during the big holiday party. It has been, and is, delightful. When the Chautauqua company was here we all crowded in, to the number of seventeen. I wonder I never thought of this before, since for years I have believed and said that all those dwelling under one roof should be one family and should live their lives in common. Really, I thought this impossible to arrange; but nothing is impossible, and this plan has proved a happy one. During meal-times I have been reading aloud from "The Americanization of Edward Bok," and all stay eagerly for several chapters—just as long as I can read. All this readjustment has been simple, and adds immeasurably to my happiness. To feel that we are all one, and only one, family under this beloved roof, and that I am really carrying on an educational work that goes out in many directions—this is enough to make me glad and thankful. . . . I enjoy the days fully, and I believe

I was never in my life so eager to do things as I am now, and never so interested in everything going on in the world. . . . I was overjoyed to know that you do not object to our staying on in the "big house," for we all want to do that and are working so delightfully here.

With the coming of more severe weather the "big house" proved uninhabitable, owing to a defective heating system, and Mrs. Ward again moved to "Capitano" for the remaining winter of 1922. Another long period of depression now succeeded the elation of the past few months. Whether as cause or as effect, these rapidly recurring "down spells" (as she called them) were always coincident with plans for reducing expenses and curtailing activities at Hillside. "Even in February," she writes late in that month, "a breath of Spring in the air brings thoughts of summer and its plans. Times with me have not improved, and though I cut expenses last year I must do so still more this year. I cannot contribute to the general welfare as I dearly love to do. All summer costs must be figured out and apportioned—rent of cottages, use of cars and riding horses, etc. I really need suggestions. We have cut down greatly here, and are trying to reduce in many new

ways.” Though the “Reporter” letters continued throughout this year, they contain little or nothing that seems to call for quotation in these pages—save perhaps the following paragraph:

April 12, 1922

Sometimes the calendar sets the Easter date too early and sometimes too late, but this year it made no mistake. What week could be lovelier than this, a jewel set between Palm Sunday and Easter—and in April! Capitano hill in the early twilight is a vision of loveliness, and Capitano itself is the most charming house I ever lived in. I am sitting on the balustrade of its piazza—we ought never to sit in chairs when April calls us. Early twilight, but not too early, for the moon is lifting herself slowly into the eastern skies. We watch her through trees still leafless, but their tiniest branches are etched in lines of unrivalled beauty. The gently swelling buds have changed last week’s outlines, though green has not yet appeared, and it is through dark brown that I see the evanescent colors of the sky—not pink, not blue; they are too subtle to name, but all the more enrapturing for that. Slowly the round silver moon ascends the skies—pure silver, with no touch of gold. Two great pink clouds lying near the horizon try to follow her, but they are too far away to reach their goal.

A few weeks later, Mrs. Ward writes: "The heavenly May weather continues. Day succeeds radiant day, and the nights are scarcely less beautiful. Never in all the years that we have been here has Hillside seemed so lovely." The remaining records of this year have chiefly to do with the visits of friends and members of the family, during an uneventful summer and autumn.

From early November of 1922 until late January of 1923, Mrs. Ward was living in her favorite hotel, "The Judson," in New York. The weeks immediately following her return to Wyoming were happily occupied in going over the teeming contents of Hillside, in connection with an expert appraisal being made at that time. Then comes the following announcement, dated March 1, 1923:

This letter to my friends tells of plans that will not surprise them more than they do me, for their development has been startlingly sudden. For many years I have spent long summers at Hillside, usually with a large family, a summer school, an artist colony, or some other enterprise, and always with some section of educational interests, if not with a complete circle. It is evident that I need a rest, but my life here has been so involved with that of others, and the relations of employer and

employee have been so harmonious and pleasant, that I could not think with equanimity of breaking into them. In January came my son John Stuart Coonley from Chicago, on his way to Europe for a short vacation. He suggested a plan which at first seemed impossible but has worked out wonderfully well. I have taken passage on the "Saxonia" March 31, proposing to spend the summer in Great Britain and to stay abroad for several more months after that. We are closing Hillside, and the place will be left in charge of Mr. Olson and Mr. McLellan. Miss Rudd will remain here to look after the thousand personal interests that no one in the world understands as well as she does. All other workers about the place will be gone before May, and we are arranging to have no farming, no cows, no chickens. . . . From every point of view we all think these plans wise. Things go in circles, and what is right for one cannot be wrong for others in any fair arrangement. So it proves here.

Upon a copy of this letter, as mailed to one of her children, appears the following characteristic postscript in Mrs. Ward's hand: "I may have sent you this. Now it is four o'clock of March 5, and all is changed. Mr. Rowe has rented Hillside—farm, orchards, everything except the big house. We are all delighted. What freedom for me!"

There was no European trip this year, but instead a long visit to Chicago, and then a comparatively quiet summer and autumn at Hillside, during which Mrs. Ward did much writing. Her "Reporter" letters of this time yield the several interesting excerpts which follow:

June 6, 1923

Here am I, sitting on the little hillside that defines Paradise Path to the north, and looking into an almost impossibly beautiful apple tree. He is a patriarch and a magician, and the wisest of his race, for he has shielded his buds from the wind, held them away from the heat, and kept them close to the Path, so that they are still vividly pink. Yet beautiful as the blossoms are, this ancient tree itself is of a nobler beauty. In every direction the branches curve into a contour unsurpassed by any other tree. Even the sycamore, with its weird symbolic bending of figured boughs, does not melt into the heart as does an apple tree.

Thank God for orchards set upon hillsides! They will not make their owners rich in silver and gold, but their legacies will be the never-failing wealth of memory and love. I think owning an orchard an indescribable joy. And oh, the unspeakably greater joy of owning an orchard that was planted by your grandfather! This is my supreme cause for thanksgiving—that I realize,

as they did not, the pure riches of the gladdest legacy parents and grandparents have left to me.

The apple blossoms would have lasted longer but for the drought. Roads are dusty, the ground hard, and vegetation cries for rain. Last night the soft wind blew and tried to lay my pink curtains against the ceiling. It almost succeeded, but I love the wind and only smiled. Then came thunder (I like that too), and lightning that was a flash of beauty. Then at last the rain, welcome rain, pouring from the clouds in lavish abundance. Whenever, as now, such rain follows a season when the earth is dry, my heart always sings with gentle Mendelssohn in his wonderful "Elijah" that we too seldom hear: "Thanks be to God, He loveth the thirsty land."

This morning everything smiles. The tulips lift their lovely heads, and the iris in my butterfly garden (its buds were colorless only two days ago) now stands erect and vivid in its royal purple. Yellow allyssum is newly gilded by the rain, and holds out its arms over the silver mirror of the wading-pool.

June 27, 1923

"Grandfather's spring," as we always call it, is clear and cool as usual, in spite of the torrid heat we are having just now. It may well rest content in its long record of years wherein it has never once failed. Be the drought never so prolonged,

though other springs may dry and vanish, this one still rises in crystal purity and the coldness of ice. Men have come from afar bringing their cattle to drink here. Years ago, when current theories forbade a fever-patient to drink cold water, a man desperately ill dreamed in delirium of this spring. Escaping from his nurses, he somehow traversed the many long rods that separated him from his goal, stretched himself upon the ground here, and put his parched lips to this new Bethesda, and drank his fill. At last he was satisfied, and with nature for physician recovery began.

My mother's terrace has always its own message. She loved to go through the pretty portico and sit upon the greensward, only a step or two beyond. The borders are gay now with geraniums and with other flowers of lesser brilliancy. At last the trumpet-vine has reached the eaves on this corner of the house; the moon-vine and bitter-sweet do not lag far behind. The evergreen hedge shows its new growth against the old, in marvelous greens that harmonize while they contrast. In the distance beyond the lower garden (this year set to vegetables) rises the "heaven-kissing hill," with patches of trees between.

The prolific locust trees are like children in their rapidity of growth—now they can scarcely stand alone, but you turn around and they are grown. It seems just a little while since Charles Knight,

mowing the upstart locust shoots in front of the house, pointed to one and said: "This is so straight and strong, I think I will let it grow." Just a tiny sapling then, and now a tree under whose branches we look across fields and meadows! Few who come here now remember the enormous locust-tree, many feet in circumference, that stood where this young locust now stands. A dozen feet or more from the ground its gigantic trunk divided into four separate trunks, and grew for years magnificently. When time threatened it, my father had it girded with a heavy chain, and so preserved it for many more years. But at last it succumbed, and the only sign of its many efforts to reproduce itself is this one handsome young tree.

August 22, 1923

The usual annual art exhibit of our Hillside colony was held this year in the Forum. We all came to gaze, to wonder, and to admire, for the four walls of the Forum were covered. Mr. Watson's output is amazing—twenty canvasses, many of fairly large size. . . . Mrs. Buehr's work is beautiful, though she disclaims having painted at all, saying that after the winter's work she meant to be idle. . . . Her daughter Kathleen shows many pictures—not large but greatly praised. . . . George Buehr has his full share of the family gift, and his group is charming. . . . Susanna Browne has two small landscapes in oil, her first

efforts in this medium, and both attractive. If there were prizes, I think the first should go to Miss Rose Clark for her study of a jar of gay flowers on a polished black table. . . . Mr. Lawson's group of architectural drawings done in Italy would attract attention anywhere. . . . The Watsons gave a supper party after the exhibit to the forty or more guests.

The death at Wyoming on September 20, 1923, of Mrs. Ward's younger sister, Gertrude Avery Shanklin, took from the Hillside scene one who had played an active and joyous part in its life since the family's earliest days there.

"Gatty" we called her first, then "Gerty." I think she was in her teens, slender and bewitching, when my father and mother took her abroad. There first in Geneva and later in Italy she had her own particular circle, which included titled foreigners as well as visitors from this country. The possession of a fine singing voice was discovered when she was at school in Philadelphia. In Rome she had lessons of Mustapha, leader of the Pope's choir. Her singing was greatly admired; to beauty of person, simple and unaffected manner, and perfect articulation, she added an unusual dramatic ability and a magnetism that always captivated her listeners. Her fluent reading of music was phenomenal. . . . My sister had



THE FRONT PORCH AT HILLSIDE

a rare gift of expression with her pen, though she never yielded to our urging that she use it in print. Indeed, she had many avenues of expression. From girlhood the individuality of her taste in decoration was recognized by all who knew her. Never have I seen a more charming room than hers at Hillside in the old days. . . . Her buoyancy of spirit, her keen sense of humor, her perennial charm, made her always a welcome companion. She leaves behind her a host of friends, with tributes of loving praise such as are granted to but few.

From the "Reporter" letters for October and November of this year are gleaned the following extracts:

October 8, 1923

This is the eighth day of October—mid-autumn and little of summer's green left, though the lawns seem as bright as ever. The mercury stands at 36 outside. Nearly every night frost lays its white veil to greet us in the morning. The wind lies low, so I went out without an extra wrap and brought in pink, red, and yellow begonias from the butterfly garden and just a few cinnamon pinks—how sweet they were! Hollyhocks stand high beside the west windows, proudly marshaling their velvet-covered seed receptacles. Inside the balustrade pink geraniums are as bright as ever, if not examined too closely. Everything

is seeking shelter from the frost. Cuddled close to the border of the pool in lonely gaiety is a clump of orange marigolds. A few buds are trying to bloom in the rose garden. Lower down, snow-berries and barberries are lovely, with here and there a bit of snow-on-the-mountain—that charming combination of pale green and white. In the lower garden asters are scarcely the worse for wear; many of the large white ones are as dazzling as ever, yet none are more fascinating than the tiny little wild asters—their loose clusters responding to every breeze. The cowardly zinnias seem not to remember that they ever wore gay colors, and even in this bright sunshine they are forlornly faded and drooping. Allyssum is bright as ever, and there are some pale yellow marigolds and a few delicate poppies.

October 21, 1923

October comes of age today, and it is Sunday. There is no lovelier day for a birthday than Sunday. My Mary opened her eyes for the first time on a Sunday that began her life of beauty and charm. Sunday should be a day of joy, but this is the first in many months when my soul has put on its Sabbath garments. Day after day and Sunday after Sunday I have choked over the challenge in Stevenson's poem, beginning

“If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness.”

I did falter every hour, and if I tried to force myself to repeat the lines tears came instead of words. But now, this heavenly Sunday, I love everyone, as the Bible tells us to, even those who spitefully use me—if there are any such, which God forbid! Why do I thus lay bare my heart for even a little world to read? Partly because the longer I live the less inclined I am to secrets of any kind. We are too much disposed to hide our real selves and not to let even our closest friends into our deep experiences. Yet those experiences are not solely our own, but are doubtless shared by everyone in some degree. I think this very fact of a universal burden makes it easier to bear. Perhaps sometimes when we seem hard and forbidding it is simply because we are overborne by our feelings. Who wants to be consciously cross or rude or unkind? Surely no one, when the analysis is made, and it is only an appearance. Often neither our words nor our actions represent our real selves—I do not mean our best selves, but the self that represents us on the average.

Living, and only living, reveals life. Doubtless the adage that there is no teacher like experience is true in a deeper sense than the mere words imply. Hate the sin but love the sinner is a heavenly charge. Who knows how much of sin, sorrow, and remorse went into the crucible from which emerged some of the noblest and most exquisite writing that the English language has given us!

The more one comprehends, often through error and sin, the more the heart swells with infinite pity and divine love. There have been days when I hated life—but not today. I understand why saints have scourged themselves, and welcomed pain that drew the blood of atonement. In every experience some lesson lies, and possibly the best are learned through pain and humiliation. The ultimate object of life is growth of soul.

October 31, 1923

Last Saturday—my Mother's birthday—I woke at six o'clock to find the air warm and just a faint color in the east. I wandered about with joy in a silent house, thankful that it had been the home of my ancestors and now is mine. I went to the front door and saw the eastern sky flushing with faint opal tints—seeming to smile quietly at the foolishness of those who slept when such lovely changes were going on outside. It seemed strange that I could see at all when the light was so faint. The glamor of the dawn was abroad, and a familiar landscape had become strange. There were great trees that I had never seen before, standing in splendid isolation on the eastern hills where always before I had beheld a level treeless line. I looked and wondered. If I had never seen the sun coming up from China before, I could not have understood the slow infusion of such exquisite brilliancy. A band of jade-green was laid against

the horizon; lemon-yellow and gold clouds swept from north to south, drifting apart here and there to disclose the wonder of their background of light-blue sky. Now I saw why those trees had deceived me. They were the tops of our little pine-grove which in twilight is quite in the foreground. As I watched, the jade scarf was withdrawn, to reveal a pink that slowly changed to delicate yellow, with streaks of blue and mauve above in lovely shifts of movement.

Then I made the circuit of the house, hunting for the moon, as I knew she would not miss this pageant. At last I found her, dressed in pale silver gauze, resting against the soft blue of the western sky. She was hiding behind a thin gray cloud, but only for a moment. Then she peeped out, just to show that she could, and far beneath her the risen sun cast a splendid radiance on the sky above Webster's woods.

November 21, 1923

November is making love to April in a delightful way, waving Indian Summer banners and luring her with Spring showers. It is early morning, and Sunday. The air comes in soft floods through my window. The barometer is at play, its arrow wandering up and down. The thermometer stands at about fifty degrees, and we watch for "fair and warmer." Now it is Monday—

seven o'clock—and I wander through the house and out of the west door. The barometer is rising. I thought so! But the thermometer has forgotten its duty, and quietly “lies down on its job.” No wooing of April now! A word with December, if you please. I had a suspicion when I woke in the night that a prank was being played upon us, and I was right. I found light drifts of snow everywhere—very pretty, but as we are soon to start on a long motor trip, snow is not to our mind. But now, at noon, it has disappeared, and all is well.

Friday was moving day. I had two strong men for something less than an hour, and no one interfered. My plans were well laid in advance. From the blue dining-room the oak table went to the second-floor hall, and upon it was set the glass-cased top of my favorite sideboard. The capacious lower part was taken to my study, where it replaced a more beautiful but less commodious antique, which was transferred to the yellow room. The tall glass cabinet from the breakfast-room walked cheerfully up to the hall of the second floor. Sofas went up and down, tables followed, and now the house looks more spacious than ever. In less than an hour everything was enjoying a change of location. Although they had said nothing aloud, they all had whispered to me that life was getting monotonous, and they felt the need of change. I sympathized, for I too love change.

The “long motor trip” referred to in the last of these quotations was a part of winter plans announced in a circular letter sent to family and friends early in November:

I have suddenly decided to go to the wedding of my grandson, John Stuart Coonley, in Chicago, and also to attend the Thanksgiving Day reception given by his father and mother in honor of the bride, Catherine Rehm. I must have a retinue, therefore Mr. Axel Olson will drive a party of us to Buffalo, put our car on the boat for Cleveland, and then continue the journey to Chicago, where we shall stay for a few weeks. It is never safe for me to assert definitely what I shall do, for I adore changing plans—as I do furniture in a house. . . . In February or March I intend to visit my Louisville family, staying there three weeks or more according to the weather in Wyoming, for with the advent of Spring on this hillside I must return.

In accordance with these plans, Mrs. Ward left Hillside on November 26. Some prescience that it might be for the last time seems evident in this later “Reporter” letter:

December 5, 1923

“Motor to Chicago! In November! Are you crazy?” Not at all. This has been the November of all Novembers,—perpetual Indian Summer. Since the past has been so fair, I will trust the

future, in weather and in life. We were ready at six o'clock Monday morning, and *nearly* started on time. What a triumph if only we had *quite* started! Axel drove four of us in the Packard—Miss Murray, Miss Rudd, Miss Evelyn Matz, and myself. The barometer was low, but the thermometer was faithful in its promise of warmth. How can I leave Hillside! Almost I cannot. When I look at books, pictures, all the treasured accumulation of years, I wonder that I ever stir from this dear house. Yet when I look outside in every direction, I wonder that I ever stay inside it. The world is full of delight of many kinds, and I must not linger meditating. Early as it is, many are up to say good-bye. I cannot look at the knoll or toward the broad walk or at the fragrant allspice and shrubs near the hidden path. Even tears do not keep the car from moving on. We go past the greenhouses, past the twin silos, past Hollyhock, Columbine, and Capitano cottages, and so to the west. Really, Hillside mornings are too beautiful to leave. How could we go from such loveliness, leaving unfinished the work I had planned! Well, it has never yet been finished, and I fear never will be.

The story of the next three months in Chicago is best told in the words of Miss Eleanor Rudd, who accompanied Mrs. Ward from Wyoming and was with her to the end.

During the journey to Chicago and at the wedding there of her grandson, John Stuart Coonley, Jr., on December 1, Mrs. Ward was particularly radiant and happy. I shall never forget the picture she made at the wedding, and at the reception afterward, in her silk brocade dress, worn at several family weddings through many years, with old and new friends gathered about her as she held court. The only thing to mar her gaiety at this time was a little trouble with her eyes; but for a week or so she paid no attention to it, going about with friends and having a merry time in her favorite city. But the trouble increased, and she consulted an oculist. He sent her to a general doctor, and between the two she was ordered to the hospital for a complete rest. Early in January we took her to a beautiful sunny apartment, overlooking Lincoln Park and the lake. For several weeks she slept most of the time, rousing toward evening when her children came in to see her. She was very weak, but did not seem at all depressed. She had brighter days now and then, and twice she went out for a little drive. She was beautiful in her sweetness and gentleness at this time. With the coming of Mrs. Brooks from Pearl Creek and the white-uniformed nurse's going, a new era began—a time of apparent improvement. She began to take an interest in things again, and even had a stenographer nearly all of one day, writing at her dictation. There

was a joyous birthday party too, with all her children there to supper. And then she had her hair bobbed—the wish of years—and the result made her very happy, for it was extremely becoming. During these weeks there was much eager planning for an unusually wonderful summer at Hillside. On February 20 she woke up complaining of a severe headache, and by noon her mind was wandering. There may have been a hemorrhage of the brain. The next day she was conscious of people and things, but she could not talk after that. Throughout this week, the last of her life, there was a beautiful radiance about her, and we shall never forget her wonderful smile, a separate one apparently for each person that came to her bed. As her son Stuart said, those days were a benediction to them all. She died very peacefully without suffering, on February 26, with her children about her. There was a simple and lovely service at Graceland Chapel, Chicago, on the 28th, conducted by the Wyoming minister Mr. Malzard, with a beautiful tribute spoken by Miss Jane Addams.

In Wyoming, on the evening of March 5, a memorial service for Mrs. Ward was held at Village Hall, with music, readings from her poems, and tributes to her life and character by Rev. Francis J. Malzard and Mrs. Frank S. Hayden.

During the following summer, while efforts were being made to work out some definite plan for the future, Hillside was given over to a group of paying guests, with Miss Rudd and Miss Murray in charge. Mr. John Stuart Coonley and his family occupied it for the next two summers—those of 1925 and 1926. The Christmas and New Year holidays between these two summers were celebrated by a large family gathering at Hillside; and on May 22, 1926, the old place witnessed the last of its many personal sacraments in the marriage there of Mrs. Ward's granddaughter, Frances Root Coonley, to Edward S. Rawson, Jr. This latter was an outdoor ceremony, with the lovely "oval garden" for background; and though the expected apple blossoms failed to appear in time, little else lacked to grace a scene and rites of impressive beauty.

Reluctantly, and after long consideration of all possible alternatives, Hillside was offered for sale in 1927. The "big house" remained unoccupied throughout this year, although Miss Lydia Coonley was much at work there, sorting and arranging the huge material accumulations of many years, preparatory to their removal when the place should be sold.

Of this difficult and rather harrowing task, she writes:

I think that probably I shall never have another experience as bitter-sweet as that of dismantling Hillside. The going-over of all the furnishings, the discovering of hidden stores, the weeding-out of old letters and papers, gave me a deeper love and respect for everything that family feeling at its best can mean, and made me comprehend more fully the continuing vitality, the living and moving power, of fine instincts, high aims, and honest endeavor. To me the house itself was an entity, an embodiment of all that was finest and best in those who had lived in it and loved it—an inspiration to those of my generation who enjoyed the fruits of the long creative years, and whose greatest reservoir of spiritual strength it was and ever will be.

In the Spring of 1928, Hillside passed to a new ownership, as announced in this letter reprinted from the "Reporter":

Chicago, April 30, 1928

With the sale of Hillside I am impelled to send a word to our Wyoming friends.

Hillside has always stood out in my thoughts not only as a place of beauty but as a locality where infinite joy abounds. Back of all this, and permeating it like the odor of apple blossoms, are

the figures of those who have gone before, and whose contacts in my life have given me most of what I have, by way of a love of idealism, honor, integrity, beauty, poetry, and literature.

I see Great-grandfather Look with his shock of white hair, his rugged personality, and his love of horses; Great-grandmother Look with her little bonnet and her quiet ways. I see the white-washed board fence around the place, and the stile from which we entered the old "Ark" and other vehicles; then Grandfather Avery with his long white beard, and Grandmother Avery, whose concern over the great world-mistakes in no wise interfered with her serenity and kindness, and the benediction of whose presence was felt by all. Then there were Elisha Briggs, Salmon Cox, Hugh T. Brooks, Henry Warren, O. H. Keith, William Roberts, David Keith, C. B. Mathews, the Cushing brothers, "Bill" White, and many others already gone, including our own dear relatives, not to mention all those living who have done so much to focalize Hillside. And most of all, my blessed Mother, whose sense of beauty, urge for self-expression, and love of humanity have made Hillside the thing of beauty that it is and the treasure-house of deed and memory that it has become.

It is not often that a house in this country remains in the same family for seventy years and shelters six generations.

And now dear Hillside is passing from the ownership of the family to that of a stranger, but to one in whom we have confidence. Opportunity has offered before, but we were not satisfied that it would be well for Wyoming and our friends.

Now we are as satisfied as we can be, for the purchaser, Mr. W. Martin Griffith, of Buffalo, N. Y., fell in love with Hillside on his first visit, realizes what it has stood for and what it means, and respects its traditions. He expects to make it his summer home, and to carry on in much the same way that the Avery and Coonley families have done in the past. And so we are happy for him, for you, and for ourselves.

The discontinuance of regular visits will not mean that our thoughts will cease to return to our beloved home and to our friends whom we will ever hold in affection and high regard. May no new friendships usurp our place in your memory!

JOHN STUART COONLEY.

By way of final word in these records of an American home and of its life through seventy years, perhaps nothing more fitting could be found than the following, from a family letter of Mrs. Ward's: "It worked out one of my ideals of social service, and I think it showed that a really simple life could be lived in

beautiful surroundings and give help and cheer and a free social intercourse for which there is such great need—almost the greatest need in life today, as I believe. We are too clannish, as a rule. We open our umbrellas and draw them down over our heads, and they make our horizon—the horizon of our family and immediate circle. But I believe this is wrong. . . . Far beyond the narrow circle of home and friends we belong to the world where all are neighbors, all are brothers.”

THE END

